

O PITIMA ANNI

Balmoral Hall

Minnipeg

June 1962

PEERLESS LAUNDRY

AND

CLEANERS Limited



Balmoral Hall

WINNIPEG



A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

 $Conducted\ under\ the\ auspices\ of\ the\ Anglican\ and\ United\ Churches$

Balmoral Hall is ideally located. Eight acres of land surrounding the buildings provide ample space for summer and winter sports. In addition to the required academic subjects, classes are given in Art, Music, Dramatics, Physical Training, Games, and Swimming.

Kindergarten to Grade XII School Opens for Fall Term—September 6

For prospectus and information concerning admission for September, 1962
Write to

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THE HONOURABLE ERRICK F. WILLIS OPENS DALTON HOUSE

EDITORIAL

"The hand that signed the paper felled a city."—Dylan Thomas.

The power and importance of a hand came to me so clearly one day in class as I read this line of poetry that these thoughts developed in my mind:—

We take the words we read before us for granted. We do not realize how they have been set before us. What do we owe to the hand, the tool of the brain? What has been given to us by the hands of yesterday? They have given us laws, scientific facts, historical data, literature, and music. Consider civilization without these things. Without a hand to write these down we would not have the laws of our society, Arrhenius' theory, the story of Napoleon, the plays of Shakespeare, or the music of Bach.

My second thought stems from the theme of the poem, a hand without a heart is power without mercy. So is it true that a hand without intelligence and learning is power which can be used wrongly, and learning and intelligence which does not make use of the hand, is waste.

Thoughts and ideas originate from the brain. If in communion with the brain man has a hand to executive its impulses, he probes, uncovers, and discovers the world before him, around him and beyond him.

The electric bell interrupts my thoughts and forces me back to reality. I am practical. I think not of man without a hand but with one. I think of our school; I think of the many hands that are concerned with it; of those that built it, those that organize it, those that teach in it, and those that learn in it. Are we using our hands to give to it what it gives to each of us? Are we hiding our talents or using them to the best of our abilities?

I ponder on our youth counselled here at school where the uncontrolled scribblings of our hand are molded into the expression of thought. Here too our hand has learned if it has not the skill to win the game it must show good sportsmanship by shaking the hand of the winner.

The hand in the frontispiece, is the hand of state. Here it is opening our new building by cutting the ribbon so that we might pass through new doors "to better things".

Finally I think of the hand that waves farewell to our school—after one year or many years. What is this hand taking into the world with it? It has the opportunity to do good or evil. It takes with it a training, if the brain is a good brain, that will make its signature a worthy signature. The little hand today, may tomorrow be the hand of the nurse who soothes, the hand of the bride given in marriage or the hand of the teacher who educates.

Be it one or all of these let us discipline our minds today that it may be a useful hand tomorrow and that it may do good as it reaches out to meet the challenge of life.

BETTY NICHOL,



THE PREFECTS

Elsie Shandro, Roberta Genser, Joanne Sutherland, Dorothea Dempster (Sports Captain), Clare McCulloch, Carol Albertsen, Julia Berry, Diane McNaughton, Mildred Shandro (School Captain), Betty Nichol (Head Girl).



JUNIOR SCHOOL LEADERS

STANDING—Jane Ferguson, Linda Gail Arnett, Martha Greatrex, KNEELING—Patricia Sparrow, Deborah Dickson, Carol Armytage.

Balmoral Hall,

June 1962

Dear Girls,

Once again it is June. Once again Optima Anni recalls for you the events of the year, and presents for some of you, your literary efforts in print. To these I add some glimpses of this School year, each of which is NEW and so makes this year different from other years.

Dalton House	— a NEW residence and a joy to all.
AIKINS HOUSE	— a NEW name at last for the White House and names on all the School buildings.
JUNIOR LEADERS	— a NEW group. I shall watch you with interest as you take your experiences with responsibility into the Senior School.
GERMAN	— a NEW language choice—pursued with interest by a group of Grade IX's. Keep it up girls!
LATIN	— a NEW language for Grade VII. Latin used to begin in VIII but Grade VII's have proved themselves quite capable—Have a good holiday Grade VI—Latin in September!
French Conversation	N — renewed efforts in the Junior School and NEW emphasis in Senior School with final oral tests for XI and XII. We're not billingual yet but we're going to be.
TAPE RECORDER	— NEW equipment to help with French conversation, music and speech improvement.

And so we continue in our search for "Better Things". Who knows what opportunities will await you in September. Till then to the seniors who must still write examinations good luck, to everyone a happy holiday, and to those of you who are leaving, God's blessing on your new endeavours!

Yours affectionately,

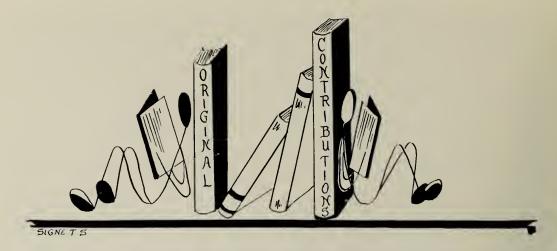


We Thank You

This year's magazine would not be complete without a special word of thanks to the many who are supporting our BUILDING CAMPAIGN, begun in 1960 and continuing until 1965.

We are always happy to be remembered in a practical way. From the list of gifts which follows you will see that many have remembered us in many different ways. Every gift has added something to education or to the comfort and improved appearance of Balmoral Hall.

Two chairs and a chesterfield for the drawingroom; an electric stove for the recreation room; a large picture by Robert Bruce for Dalton House hall; new rugs for Aikins House; wood for our new fireplace; names for all the School buildings; a special globe for our Senior Library; and a complete renovation of the pillars and verandahs of Aikins House.



LITERARY ~

The Power of the Alps

Kathy Stevens stepped off the funicular and looked around her. She shouldered her skis and started trudging up the long steep hill to the skislopes. "I'll make people notice me," she thought bitterly. "I'll show them how well I can learn to ski." The young girl was so enveloped in her wrath that she failed to notice the lofty Alps towering above her.

Once she gained the top of the hill, Kathy put on her skis and set off across the snow; the awkwardness of a beginner was written all over her. "It doesn't matter what I look like now—just give me three weeks."

The girl's bitterness was deep-rooted. She was sixteen and very attractive, but her personality did not match her delightful exterior. All her life she had been receiving poor marks. In no sport did she excel, no matter how hard she worked at it. You could say that she was "a jack of all trades but a master of none." Kathy had come to Switzerland with her parents for three weeks. She was determined to become an excellent skier and win a place on the school team.

After struggling up a small hill, Kathy shot down it—skis apart, knees straight, arms flying. At the bottom she sat down in the deep powdered snow. Finally after one or two more or less successful runs, she joined a class.

Tired but happy, Kathy returned to the hotel that evening. In spite of her weariness she was pleased with herself and the feeling of bitterness had disappeared. The feeling returned, however, when she walked in to dinner and found a long white envelope at each place. When she found

that you put your napkin in it after use, she was thoroughly disgusted. The same feeling stole over her when she had to walk down a long hall to the bathroom. "I thought this was supposed to be a good hotel," she grumbled.

Each day on the slopes of Chantarella above the town of St. Moritz, Kathy's bitterness melted. Standing for twenty minutes in line at the rope tow did not bother her; it was worth it for one run. As her skiing improved, she was much happier. A smile crossed her face more often; her eyes sparkled with excitement and glistened with joy. She could even laugh at her falls. Now, for the first time in her life, she was genuinely happy.

The three weeks flew by. Kathy's skiing improved rapidly as did her disposition. She made friends with most of the people at the hotel with no difficulty. She even learned some French, a subject that she usually failed. It was with a heavy heart that she turned and looked at the hotel for the last time.

Two weeks later, Kathy carried her skis to the slope where the try-outs for the school team were being held. Her cheeks were burning with excitement as she adjusted her harnesses. She turned her eyes towards the difficult slalom course below her. She had watched the three girls who had skied before her as they moved swiftly and athletically between the poles. At the top Kathy froze, poised for flight. Then she started whipping like lightning between the poles, knowing she was "making good time". As she rounded the last pole, one edge caught in the hard-packed snow. She rolled the rest of the way down the hill. When she stopped, a sharp pain darted through her right ankle, causing her to wince.

Upon her return after her cracked ankle had been set, Kathy hobbled up to the members of the team filled with congratulatory remarks. The girls looked at her thinking, "What, no sarcasm?" Even Kathy was shocked that she felt no twinge of jeaously.

A month later, Kathy's short black hair blew in the wind as she watched the ski team warming-up on the course, high above her. They were well-trained, fit and fast. Kathy hoped with all her heart that they made a good showing against the neighbouring girls' school. She was not jealous of the team members; in fact, she was almost happy that one of them had not been disappointed as she had been.

In her attempt to become a member of the ski-team she had failed, but her shell of bitterness had crumbled for ever and the new Kathy Stevens shone through. Switzerland had made this miraculous change in her. Somehow once you see the Alps or set foot on Swiss soil, this wonderful gift is bestowed upon you. It is impossible to define; let us say that it is all part of the mysterious power of the Alps.

JOAN SELLERS-Grade X

Light in The Dark

For the third night in one week Eric Hoeshen and his family were huddled nervously in the corner of their one-roomed apartment. They had fled from their home, three days before, in an attempt to evade the Communists. Their one constant prayer had been for God to deliver them from East Germany as a whole family into the zone of West Germany. Koko had convinced them that the plan was conceivable and that it had been risked before. He was a factory worker at the same place as Eric and was a good friend. On into the morning Eric related the plans for the coming evening so that there would be no doubt in the minds of any of them.

Koko would meet them in the border field with an identifying signal from his small dim light and would get them safely into West Germany. The Hoeshen family would no longer be living in terror, for at seven-fourteen that night they would escape the security police who had been stalking beneath their one small window in this anti-Communist community at the little village. Eric kept thinking how good it would be to breathe fresh air again, but until the appointed time they must keep hidden, in case the police might find and seize them. Eric should never have denounced the Communist movement publiclyhe had not realized that it would endanger his family to this degree. Once they were free of the Communist threat, however, he could speak freely.

At the appointed time, Eric would lead his wife and three children to the back stairs of the apartment and into the field behind it. From there they would run in fear, never chancing to look behind them, to the Platz where they would have to remain hidden until Koko arrived. The children would find it hard, but they had gone over the plan so thoroughly that there was no evident reason for any difficulty to arise.

A series of orders directed noisily from the police outside interrupted Eric's thoughts. They had changed their positions and were now patrolling the area behind the apartments, for such plans of escape as the one which was fast approaching. This move indeed altered Eric's plans, for it was six forty-five already and he had intended to leave at seven o'clock. At first he was panic-stricken, but once he had collected his thoughts and had begun to stare out of the window, he noticed that the police had left the front street unguarded, in their attempt to patrol the back areas. He realized that if they were going to escape by way of the front street, they would have to leave at once, for it would take longer to reach the Platz by this route.

Hurriedly all five scrambled down the old wooden staircase. When they reached the doorway, they rushed into the open street. Already accustomed to the darkness, they dashed to the end of the street, Marguerite leading. She turned left without hesitation and stumbled through the dark forest, with her family right behind her. They had escaped the police officers; it was ten minutes after seven. They had only five minutes to reach the Platz! Panting and breathless they reached it. It was a quarter past seven. Eric looked expectantly at his watch, and as the minutes ticked by, he wondered if they had missed Koko by being a few minutes late! Where was the light? Oh God, where was the light? At that moment, Marguerite moved to untwist her leg; a twig snapped! The officer's silhouette turned and he rushed in their direction. Huddling closer and closer for protection, Eric did not immediately hear the thud to the ground. Presently he looked up and saw the Communist policeman lying not more than ten feet in front of them.

Standing over the unconscious body was Koko with his dim white light. The darkness which had prevailed for the past three nights was for a moment broken by the luminous beam. Koko had kept his word, but, like Eric, he too had had to change his plans slightly. For Eric and his family there was a sign of relief, and scurrying behind Koko with his darkened light they faced the pathway to the free world.

I Laugh No More

Gently the sun's lazy rays shine down upon the crystal white snow, melting it and giving birth to me. At first, I am but a small pool of sparkling water but gradually, day by day, I grow and become filled with a lust to wander. Then one day, my friend Gravity arrives, and with a firm push, sends me cascading down the mountain side. Head over heels I tumble downwards, feeling freedom in my veins, pride in my heart. I am proud of my speed, proud of my freedom, and I laugh as I view the world.

I laugh as I easily pass the slow-plodding sheep who waste away their lives eating, sleeping, and strolling in the sun. What do they know of the joys of being a free-running stream? They are confined to their pastures, guided by their masters. "Now here," I cry, as I see a large train come thundering down its track, "here is competition!" Happily I flow faster and faster as the train looms nearer. "But see how it runs from me!" I shout defiantly and laughingly watch the mighty monster as it speeds away in another direction. It, too, is enslaved; dependent on its track, its fuel and man! Laughing I continue to plunge downwards, happy with my life, my youth, my freedom.

But now my youth is past. Now I will join the mighty river. I watch it flow majestically by, and then quietly fall in at its side. I am older now, nobler and quieter, but still free and still laughing. I glide between neat fields carefully planted by man. I laugh as I see the farmers protecting and watching over their lands as servants to a master. They are bound to their land; burdened by responsibility, a responsibility to their families, the markets, and the world. See how they wipe their hot brows and painfully straighten their backs. But I, I have no responsibility. I am free, free from worries, free from any bonds, free to enjoy life as I wish. "How lucky I am, how unfortunate they," I think laughingly, and quietly flow on.

I am gently guiding a small ship through the still water at the last edge of day when suddenly a sharp breeze rises above me. I immediately recognize this sign and am filled with excitement. Soon frightening peals of thunder burst upon the threatening sky and jagged lightning flashes tear the black clouds to shreds. The wind howls in tune with the booming thunder. And in this stormy picture I am part of a huge wave, one among many, that rampage on top of the river. My peak is of white foam, my body inky black, and still I am laughing. I am proud to be able to toss men's ships like feathers in a breeze, proud of my power, proud of my free life. I experience the full sense of my freedom as I hurl myself high into the wind and fall back again on the raging river. I laugh as I think of the farmer tied to his land, the train to its track, the sheep to their pasture. Laughingly I declare, "I am free!"

But now the storm is ended and I reach the ocean. To me this is the crowning glory. To be a part of that great expanse of water, that huge sea of liquid, is something I have long dreamed of. Now I can be free for ever. Quietly, respectfully, I flow into the ocean.

Suddenly I am pushed violently from the left, the right, from all sides. Annoyed, I fight my way far from shore, but soon my joy begins to fade. There is nothing to see but water and the blazing sun above. There is nothing to do but to be free.

I have been here one year; I have seen nothing new, done nothing different. I wander from place to place in this vast ocean like a man lost in a wilderness. I am free, but I am tired of being free. How much better to be tied down, to have work to do, to have a course to follow, to have responsibility. I laugh no more.

CAROL SWINDELL—Grade X

The Storm

I awoke early that summer morning. The sun, just rising, had outlined, delicately in gold, the whitewashed cottage in the valley below. The morning-glories around the doorway joyously disclosed their baby-blue faces to the silent world, and the dew drops on the lush green grass gave the dawn a silver hue. I felt as a miser might, surveying his precious gold and silver, but, in reality, there was no likeness between nature's soft, colourful glow of beauty and the harsh, glistening splendours of man's riches. To the people of this quiet valley, money was nothing and nature was all.

As Apollo continued to drive his glorious chariot across the clear turquoise sky, the household in the whitewashed cottage began to stir. Out in the barn, tall rugged farmer McKay and old Alec checked the horses, while Cary, the maid, milked the cows. Marcella helped her mother prepare the porridge in the kitchen. Her bright blue eyes were surrounded by long dark lashes while her golden hair, tied loosely at the nape of her neck with a blue ribbon, fell gracefully down to her waist, each wavy strand reminding one of a tiny stream as it wends its way through the countryside. Her healthiness was revealed by her pink cheeks, while her tiny tilted nose gave her a saucy air.

No children of her age lived near by, and so Marcella's constant and beloved companion was her collie, Sunny-Jim. Soon she appeared and stood clad in her blue gingham dress, framed in the doorway by the blue morning-glories on the white walls of the cottage, while, in the background, the sun peeped through the purple heather-covered hills. The picture was broken, as she skipped up the pathway, Sunny-Jim by her side, and passed through the white wooden gate. For a while she was lost from sight, but eventually I saw her making her way up the steep stony path to my cottage. Slightly breathless, she soon appeared on my doorstep, and I cheerfully welcomed her. I remarked on the beauty of the day, and she replied: "Yes, Sunny-Jim and I are going to follow the singing stream, across the wooden bridge and into the Fairies dell."

She left soon after, and I watched her as she skipped jauntily down the hill and disappeared round a bend into the mossy forest.

I spent most of the morning busy in my garden, and it was not until late in the morning that I noticed the fast moving clouds approaching the valley. The appearance of the huge rolling puffy purply-black clouds made me feel apprehensive. As noon approached the air became heavier and the sky darker. The cool morning air was now hot and damp, and the clouds expanded like a huge black balloon ready to burst. A low rumble, a flash across the sky, and finally the roar of huge drops of rain drumming on the roof. "That will clear the air," I thought, trying to be cheerful, and continued to read my book.

I was soon interrupted by a frantic knock at the door. On opening it, I found myself looking into the agitated face of Mrs. McKay. Brushing past me and into the room, she began to stammer, "Marcella has not come home!" I told her I would come. Quickly I grabbed my coat and hat and, with the anxious Mrs. McKay at my elbow, ran down to her house. Men had gathered from the neighbourhood to search for the child. I watched farmer McKay, his brow slightly creased and his deep blue eyes troubled, arranging the parties, while his wife stood unhappily in the middle of the kitchen wringing her hands.

Leaving the friendly fire in the kitchen, we soon stepped out into the blustery wet darkness. The rubbing of mackintoshes and the squelching of boots began to irritate me as we walked. Farmer McKay walked at the front, silent, yet determined. I wondered if he shared my apprehensive and depressed feelings and, for his sake, I hoped he did not. We looked like a troop of soldiers returning from a lost battle, but our battle was still ahead.

Reaching the woods, we quickly separated into our groups. As we crossed the wooden bridge, I suddenly stopped—"across the wooden bridge and into the fairies dell," I thought. How could I have forgotten?

"Jim," I said turning to my neighbour, "where would you go to find a fairies dell?"

"Good Lord, what do you want to know that for?" he exclaimed irritably.

"No, I mean this seriously," I said. "That is where Marcella told me she was going."

A look of understanding crossed his face and he began to think.

"Follow me," he said and we plunged through the tangle of wet branches. Splash, squelch, drip, drip—would it ever stop? Suddenly we emerged from the foliage into a clearing. In the middle of a circle of old oak trees stood one great oak, and in the hollow of its trunk huddled Marcella close beside Sunny-Jim. She did not see us but sat, entranced, watching the sky.

"Marcella!" I cried running to her. I tore off my coat, wrapping it around her. Finally I looked down at her puzzled face. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"I was watching the funny faces the clouds were making," she said merrily, "and Sunny-Jim was keeping me warm." I shook my head and smiled.

We got her home safely, and next morning, happy as ever, she appeared at the doorway. The golden rays of the sun fell softly on her face, and on the face of the dog beside her. There was a clatter of pails as Cary, the maid, entered the barn, while outside, farmer McKay forked the hay, and nervous little Mrs. McKay fed the geese. The sun surveyed the little scene and happily beamed his approval, as he rose above the purple heather-covered hills into the clear turquoise sky.

Dora Dempster—Grade XI

To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me Like those symbolic ships or tides, That gently, o'er the troubled sea, The weary, wayward student guides To where her harbour hides.

On desperate seas, for countless hours, Thy placid face dispels our fears, Thy quiet challenge gives us powers By the wisdom that is yours, And the comfort that is ours.

Lo! in yon opening pantry door With cheerful smile we see thee stand, Our captain's tray within thy hand! I thank you, as I leave the ship You partly manned.

Two Blessings

It was an unproductive time in Mexico. Dry, golden sand was often driven by a hot, tireless wind into parks and pastures, choking tender green sprouts beneath.

It was as if God had forgotten about Mexico and had left it to sizzle in the sun. The contents of the irrigation ditches had disappeared long ago. Each precious drop that ever did fall on the field was quickly absorbed by the thirsty sands. All the inhabitants of the sun-burnt villages had two characteristics—a tired, drawn face and a gaunt figure. One of the meagre figures appeared in the doorway of the adobe house belonging to the De Lotta family.

A tired but harsh voice shattered the deathlike stillness of the July morning. It was an ordinary morning and the sun had begun its long burning journey across the sky, looking down upon the wilted remains of crops. The morning was disturbed, when the angry and impatient voice, belonging to Pedro de Lotta, called, "Carlos! Vot you teenk yow do, brusha de dog ven der's verka to do? Get in here dees meenit and fetcha de water! Hurree! Caramba! Queek!"

Carlos tenderly pushed his sunkissed golden dog aside and reluctantly laid down his grooming brush and rose slowly from the parched soil.

"Don't go away, my leetle bonita. I weell be back soon—I hope."

Giving Pachino, his tiny Chihuahua, a reassuring pat on the head, he hurried away toward the house, dusting the sand off the seat of his trousers as he went. Here he met his father's usual torrent of complaints, but he had become accustomed to them.

After all, he had been listening to them for fourteen years. Silently he slipped into the kitchen to fetch the rusty pail, not often filled with good water. As he rounded the corner, two heads popped out of the doorway, both their faces filled with curiosity. His sisters never failed to torment him after he had been scolded by his parents.

"Vot yow do dees time, Carlos? Always getting eento trouble ven yow do not verk. How expect poor Papa to run dees farm ven der ees a drought and yow do not verk? It may be a curse, dees drought, for your idleness. Yow always play with de dog but do not verk for Papa."

Carlos, ignoring his sisters' insults, walked steadily to the door, but tripped over the door sill, much to the amusement of his sisters. Their laughing faces, however, turned to serious ones, when Pedro, their father, stepped in. "Camillita! Rosita! Vot yow teenk yow do, watcha Carlos maka da fool of heemself? Yow should be going to da market."

Carlos continued out the door and down the path and shaded his eyes from the burning sun as he strolled along the scorched ground with the rusty pail in his hand. Soon he approached the well and looked around as he lowered his pail into the precious container of water. He scanned the countryside only to see a thin covering of sand over every green thing, with the exception of a few small tufts of grass showing their dry weary heads above their heavy burden. He pulled the well-worn rope and grasped the bucket carefully to avoid spilling the contents. Having completed his mission, he trudged homeward. When he arrived, he was greeted by an opportunity either to clean the barn or pitch some wilted hay. He chose the hay and trudged away again to the shed to find the fork.

As he pitched, his nose was filled with a withering dryness and his mind became filled with thoughts of the events of the day. He remembered the insulting remarks of his sisters. He started wondering if the drought really was a punishment for his idleness. The more he thought of this, the more he was convinced. Resolving to break the curse, he dug his fork in with added enthusiasm and pitched it with more force and energy.

A few hours later, with aching arms, legs, head and fingers, Carlos wearily dragged himself into the house to receive his piece of cornbread. The smell of his reward filled his nostrils and he eagerly snatched the nearest piece of cornbread lying on the rock to cool.

With a mouthful of warm pleasure, he suddenly remembered Pachina. Gulping down the remainder, he rushed outside to find her. First he traced his steps to where he had been brushing her and looked in all possible places. He looked thoroughly under tables and chairs in the house and under boxes outside. When he had finished ransacking his room, it seemed as if a tornado had passed over it. As he raced out into the barnyard he thought of the "curse" and immediately connected the lost dog with this. After searching in every nook and cranny he decided to look in the barn as a last resort. As he opened the creaky barn door, a small but sharp beam of light fell upon a mound of hay, and nestled cozily in it was Pachina. She opened her deep brown eyes and stared at him angelically. A slight movement in the hay caused by the frantic action of her little tail, thrilled Carlos to the heart. He picked her up and caressed her lovingly.

An hour later, Carlos was still in the barn with Pachina and the sun was sinking unwillingly to his rest in the mountains, when a gentle voice broke the solitude. It was Carlos' mother. It had been growing chilly and she already had her woolen shawl thrown over her shoulders.

"Carlos, eet ees getting late and you must not catcha cold."

"I weel come now, Mama, but listen!"

A deep rumble caught his attention. Quickly they peered out to find, to their amazement, large raindrops dropping from the heavens. His mother fell to her knees and crossed herself, saying many prayers of gratitude. She scrambled up, only to be caught in the strong arms of her husband, who had rushed into the barn with his dark brown face lightened with joy. His face reminded Carlos of a brimful cup of water filled to the point of overflowing. Their only cow, a creature of skin and bone, lowed softly with a feeling of excitement. They fetched everyone from the house to go for a walk in the rain, now coming down in torrents. All the family strolled along the previously scorched road and watched the wondrous rain pump new life into the remaining patches of grain, and wash away the sand to let the tufts of grass breathe. Carlos thought that it was wonderful to watch the power of God creating the difference between poverty and prosperity, just because he had done a hard day's work.

PAMELLA KAYSER—Grade IX

The Early Frost

One snowflake drifted slowly down
Causing all the folk to frown,
And heralded its many friends
Who soon the way to earth would wend.
The farmers glanced with anxious faces,
And watched the angry sky's grimaces
Telling of an early frost.

The autumn harvest cowered low Against the roaring north wind's blow And all began to harvest grain, Although they knew 'twas all in vain To fight the early frost.

MARGARET BERRY—Grade IX

The Interview

Brr-ing, brr-ing. The doorbell echoed through the long hall visible through the window by the door. I stood outside on the vast porch surveying the huge estate of the Van Clorks. My car was parked in the drive leading up to the house and near the back. I was dwarfed by the huge steps and porch leading up to the front door. As I was gazing at the gardens along the drive, I heard a polite, inquiring, "Good afternoon." I turned to face the butler standing in the doorway.

"Oh, good afternoon. May I present myself? George Stevens Junior, reporter for the Detroit Times." I handed him my card. "I would like to interview Mr. Van Clork, Sir Rumpelstiltskin Eshwald Van Clork IV, for my magazine, and perhaps obtain some pictures of him. May I come in?"

"Certainly, please wait here. I will see if Mr. Van Clork is receiving anyone today." He gave me a quizzical look and disappeared up the long flight of stairs at the far end of the room.

I stood alone in the middle of the room rapidly taking note of the luxurious furnishings. Peeping through a crack in the door, I could see a large dining hall with a huge chandelier. As I was taking down the last details, I saw the butler approaching.

"Sir Eshwald will see you, Mr. Stevens, but I must warn you—he has just come from his bath and is sleepy and quite irritable. He may growl at you and even snap a bit. He is also having his daily manicure which he dislikes, so, do not refer to it. Also he is rather reserved, and so, please do not prod him. As for taking pictures, Sir Eshwald's eyes are very sensitive to bright lights. Therefore, please refrain from taking more than necessary."

By now we had gone up three flights and were entering Mr. Van Clork's apartments. I had heard that Sir Eshwald IV had recently arrived at the Van Clork estate for a short stay, and armed with camera and notebook, I was determined to get a great "scoop" on him and maybe thereby get a bonus. Actually, I had to admit I had never heard of him until recently when I had overheard a conversation at a party. Apparently, he was quite famous, but the speaker drifted away before I could discover just why. Hadn't they mentioned some kind of shows? Perhaps he was a great rider. No, that didn't seem quite right. They had talked of medals and ribbons—a great military leader, perhaps? Nothing seemed to fit.

"Oh, well, I shall just have to feel my way, and try to draw him out even if he is shy as the butler says."

"This way, sir." The butler's voice broke into my thoughts. I stepped into the huge room and eagerly peered around to find Sir Eshwald. Here he was, in all his glory, reclining on three red plush cushions, Sir Rumpelstiltskin Eshwald Van Clork the fourth—a bright gold, snub-nosed Pekingese dog!

Teresa

The broom dragged across the floor, and gathered the particles of dust that had been swirled through the window by the daily rush of traffic. Teresa threw the broom down with disgust. She turned and looked hopelessly at her sister, but all she saw was a vague form reclining on the couch, and from somewhere a movie magazine protruded. The head of some unusual creature was thrust up from behind the book. A pair of black eyes glared offendedly at her, and her sister rose and stamped off to her room to remove her curlers.

Teresa glanced at the clock. It was exactly ten—two hours before lunch. At lunch time, her mother would arrive to take over. Take over what? All her mother would do would be to take off her shoes, complain how terribly crowded it was down town, and sit down to relax. Then she would direct her glances towards Teresa with such pitiful eyes, begging for assistance, that Teresa would smile understandingly and prepare lunch. But it was so monotonous, so dull for a twelve-year-old girl.

Teresa turned her large gray eyes towards her sister's room with annoyance. Her mind wandered over plots and settings of dreadful events that might happen to her sister. Finally Teresa's thoughts came down to earth. "If I weren't here she'd have to help, instead of getting ready for dates," she thought schemingly.

The dust swept up by the broom gradually began to settle again. The broom itself lay where it had been dropped. The front door was open, revealing the merging traffic and choking fumes. Teresa had left.

She paused uncertainly on the street corner. Her sharp eyes glanced quickly about her, taking in the curious sights. Her small slender nose smelt the delicious aromas from the bakery. A breeze flicked her long, black hair and the ends of her pale blue dress. The ribbon which held back her hair had been hastily tied and it drooped over her forehead. A broad smile appeared on her thin lips. Down the road was the factory, and Jack would be there. He would listen to her troubles; he always did. Jack and his wife, Marion, were always ready to give her their advice.

She stepped carefully across the street and turned the corner, her heavy black shoes beating rhythmically. If she hurried, she would be just in time to see Jack during his coffee break.

She entered the factory and as she approached the workers, they greeted her with enthusiasm. Her eyes passed over them quickly. "Where's Jack?" she asked. "He's sick—fever or something," replied one of the men.

Her concern for Jack overruled her disappointment. She knew he would lose his day's pay. When she came to the factory to see them, he often talked about how important his pay was to them. Marion assisted Jack's income by sewing splendid dresses for wealthy ladies. Once when Teresa visited Marion she found her working on a most beautiful dress. As curiosity drew her forward, Teresa noticed the dainty laces and the delicate stitches entwined throughout the material. Marion noticed her interest in the dress and promised Teresa one, though not quite so grand. The dress was to be any colour or style Teresa wanted. What colour would she like? There were some pretty dresses in the department store; perhaps she could get ideas there. She bade the workers goodbye, and set off in the direction of Rodger's Department Store.

Soon the store loomed over her. She entered, and worked straight towards the dress department.

A young girl about the same age as Teresa was admiring one of the dresses. Teresa gazed thoughtfully at her, noticing how well dressed she was. Quite suddenly a woman appeared, dragging an unfortunate lad behind her.

"Come on, Shirley, we have to go home now," said the lady.

The young girl looked up at her mother. "Would you buy me a new dress to wear on my birthday?" she asked.

"No," snapped the mother; "you don't need a new dress. Hurry, we've got to go."

"But, mother," she pleaded.

"No," and she grabbed the girl by the wrist

"Please," begged the girl.

"Be quiet!" shouted the mother, and all eyes turned on her. Flushed and angry, she left the scene as quickly as possible with her two children.

Teresa shuddered. Her own mother would never shout at her like that, especially not in public. Teresa was thankful for the fact that she had a kind mother who praised her often, and never was angry with her—not even at home. Home! Lunch! Who would make lunch? Teresa dashed down the aisle, out of the store and down the street. Before she knew it, she was facing a small yellow house with pale green windows. The door was open, and Teresa sprinted up the steps. She closed the door, picked up the broom, and put it in the closet. She glanced at the clock. It was fifteen minutes to twelve. She began to prepare lunch.

ELIZABETH WEBSTER—Grade IX

The Art Gallery

A light blue carpet on the stairs, And serious young folk everywhere, Searching with eager childish faces, Standing rigidly in their places, Rows and rows of beautiful work, Explained in detail by a tiresome clerk.

I went up the stairs between them all, Strange and frightened and shy and small, But as I entered the gallery door, I saw something I had never seen before, The sun streaming through the window in the hall, Proving God's art, the most beautiful of all.

CATHERINE HAMILTON—Grade VII

The Hour Glass

There are millions of them all confined to one large space. Each one is uniquely different in its similarity to all the others. Each one is only concerned with itself. Each is oblivious of the others, yet its position and activities depend on the others. The same force acts on all of them. It pulls them until it can pull them no longer. The ones in front block the paths of the others. Yet if they fall, so do the ones behind them. They are drawn to their inevitable fate. They are sucked into nothingness. They must fall. Yet others run to this same fate. One draws the others, and the others draw each one.

When they dissolve into the darkness of the narrow path, they are gone. They appear again on the other side but which are the ones that were seen to disappear? They are there, but where are they? They are engulfed, surrounded and buried by the others. What difference does it make? What is one from another? What does it matter? Those may have been beautiful, interesting, different, but they were just a few in a million. Some may have entered the chasms in shadow and come out of it in all glory to reflect a ray of light in an eye and please the indolent brain that commands the eye. But these did not please the brain when they were in darkness.

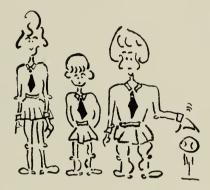
Each one lands on the bottom surrounded by different ones, or in the middle or on top. What does it matter? It is just one in a million. Its fate is in the hands of something greater than itself.

With one movement, all of these may be disturbed; they are forced to rush, teem, pull, and break the stillness of the others. They must go because there is no end until they all lie in stillness at the bottom again. They lie only to be disturbed. Then they come alive again.

When each one passed, it took with it the moment it needed in the passing. But what

does this matter? There are endless moments to pass. Endless moments unless someone should smash the container. Then what becomes of them? What becomes of the millions? What becomes of each grain of sand, or life?

Betty Nichol—Grade XII



BEFORE THE GAME



The Sacrifice

A large tear rolled down Marianne's taut face when she discovered that she could not move. Vividly the accident came back to her mind. Marianne and her brother Jamie had been driving down Campion Avenue when the truck struck them broadside; the steering wheel crushed her legs, paralysing them. Having lost consciousness, she remembered nothing but the impact of the truck against their Volkswagen.

With her straggly blond hair spread over the pillow, and her eyes wandering vaguely around the room, she wondered frantically where she was and what had happened to Jamie. Angry with the thought of being in bed, the normally energetic sixteen-year-old struggled to pull herself upright. Finding herself surprisingly weak, she fell back. "Why," she thought, feeling annoyed, "isn't anyone here?"

Almost as if someone had heard her, a crisp white figure came softly into the room.

"Where am I?" Marianne cried indignantly. "What is this place?"

"You're in a hospital," was the gentle reply. "You've had a nasty experience."

"My legs," Marianne demanded; "why won't they move?"

"I'll get Doctor Harrison," the nurse said sympathetically.

"Why won't anyone tell me?" Marianne wondered as the nurse left.

She could hear the sure voice of the doctor outside her door. "Jamie is fine," he explained, "nothing to worry about. But, Marianne," he hesitated, "won't be able to walk again without an operation."

Won't walk again! She choked unbelievingly. "How will I ever face my friends? Why, o why did this have to happen to me?"

"Well, hello, young lady, and how are you feeling today?"

"Feeling! Feeling! How can you ask me how I feel when you know? 'Never walk again,' you said."

"No need to feel sorry for yourself," he said firmly. "There are lots of girls who will never be able to have an operation to walk. Think of them, and consider yourself lucky."

"Lucky! huh!" she mumbled.

"It will be a long, hard fight but you can get to that wheelchair in no time."

These thoughts reeled through her mind. "Wheelchair! Lucky! Never walk again!" and she fought back the tears.

For three months no one could budge Marianne from her bed. Friends and family alike had an icy reception. One day, a fifteen-year-old girl with the tiniest limbs and warmest face ever seen was wheeled in.

"I don't want any visitors!" Marianne snapped.

"Oh, I think you'll want this one," the nurse twinkled back.

Marianne snatched one quick look and instantly every sympathetic instinct in her arose. Just the sight of this merry-eyed girl made her lose all interest in herself. From that moment Joy and Marianne were fast friends. Joy came every day and Marianne drew quickly out of her shell

It was six months before she had her first trip in the wheelchair. This no longer meant confinement, but just the opposite. She was out of her room for the first time in nearly a year, and this was the final step before the operation which would enable her to walk once more. Her parents had saved every cent and the whole family had given all that was possible towards the operation.

"How will I ever pay them back?" she said one day to Joy, who would never walk again.

"Just the look on your face at your first step will be all the reward they'll want," was Joy's reply.

Marianne pondered. "My first step! Just another month and my first step." Left with this comforting thought, she was alarmed when Jamie walked into the room, looking haggard.

"Jamie, what is it?" Her heart leaped with the question.

Slowly he poured out the story of their father's serious attack during the night. She could picture the pain on her father's face as he was carried out to the ambulance, and the look of shock on her mother's face as she suffered with her husband. He was in the operating room now and Marianne knew that all the money would go for her father's operation.

"Of course he will have the money," she said, proud to be able to give it to save her father. "After all, if I've waited for one year, I can certainly wait a little longer."

She reassured Jamie and when he left, she lay back and thought of the struggles of the past year with a calmness and tranquility which she had never known. She was glad to make the sacrifice, and would have done it a thousand times over to save a life.

NANCY SMITH—Grade X

The Best Place To Live

"Bah! not even running water in the place," grumbled city-bred Alan Barker as, cold and sleepy, he stamped through the only room of the ranger station in the Kootenays. He had been perfectly happy in his job at the Forest Conservation Office, but he had been chosen to replace old Jim Walker who had been the ranger for twenty years. He had been told that if he did not like this new job, he could return as soon as they found another man. Since they were so short-handed, this might take some time. For Alan that could not be soon enough for he was obviously already bored with his new job although he had been there only twenty-four hours. And so it was that Alan was not in the sunniest of tempers as he stalked down the path to the spring in the grey light of a cool September dawn.

The birds were up before him and two jays announced his coming with loud screeches. "Noisy pests," muttered Alan.

The sun was just peeping over the mountains as he ascended the little hill to where a spring gushed out of the ground and started a streamlet which cascaded down the side of the mountain. Here he knelt to wash, but a noise made him look up. There were three deer, wading into the rippling water, lowering their graceful heads to drink as the water bubbled between moss-covered rocks.

He rose and moved closer, but the deer, hearing his approach, lifted their heads and, sighting him, bounded away into the tall pines. The words, "Good riddance," were on the tip of his tongue but before he knew it, Alan found himself saying, "What a beautiful sight!" Annoyed with himself for this change of heart over any part of this Godforsaken place, he picked up a rock and threw it in the direction of the deer, whose white flags were still visible, bobbing through the trees. Then he continued his washing with more vigour than before.

When he looked up again, he found a rabbit watching him with great curiosity. The rabbit stared for a moment and then hopped around a clump of violets, pausing to scratch his ear. He came back to sniff at Alan's boot, hopped away again and, as if unable to understand his presence, came back to sniff once more.

As he sat watching the rabbit hop away, Alan suddenly realized how truly beautiful the snow-capped mountains were. The longer he stared at them the more they seemed to take the shape of elegant ladies, wearing hats of orange, white, or lavender, according to what time of day it was.

The loud honks of wild geese flying south for the winter shattered the morning stillness and brought Alan out of his reverie, reminding him that he had many things to do.

He started to walk back up the trail, past the little waterfall that looked like a cascade of topazes and by the beaver pond that shone like a sapphire in the sunlight. He thought of his office job in the city, and how he had had to take a crowded bus to and from work. He thought of the sooty air and the dirty streets. Then his thoughts turned to the wild animals, timid yet curious, that he had seen that day, and of the beautiful scenery. He glanced up at the great trees where two squirrels were playing tag. They stopped and peered at him through the branches, chattering contentedly.

"You don't have to tell me," he called to them.
"Now I know this is the best place to live!"

KATHRYN NEILSON—Grade VIII

The Count of Monte Cristo

by Alexandre Dumas

This story took place in 1815 in Paris. At the time, there were two major political factions in France; the Royalists and the Bonapartists. However, since Bonaparte had been defeated and exiled to the island of Elba, it was a political crime to be a Bonapartist. If a person was found on or going to Elba, he would be sent to the dungeons.

One day on the ship, the "Pharon", there was a captain who was dying of brain fever. He gave a young boy, Edmond Dantés, an errand to do. It was to go to Elba and pick up a letter. Edmond did this, and later three men. Villeporte, Ferdenand, and Danglars, told the Royalists of his deed, and Dantés was put in the dungeons. While in prison, Dantés met the Abbé Faria who chopped his way into Dantés' cell, while trying to escape. After being with Dantés for fourteen years the Abbé died, but before dying he gave Edmond a map to treasure. Edmond escaped as the Abbé's dead body. He found the treasure: jewels, gold and coins, became rich, and called himself the Count of Monte Cristo. He finally had his revenge on the three men, Villeporte, Ferdenand and Danglars.

I enjoyed this book because it showed that if you want to get ahead in life, you cannot do it by someone else's unhappiness. When Edmond found the treasure and ran it through his hands, the scene seemed very real. Edmond may have destroyed three people, but he also saved two others who lived happily ever after. I liked the book because it was exciting, romantic, sad and happy, and also because it was very realistic.

CATHERINE HAMILTON—Grade VII

An Impression

The rays of the sun slant on my paper,
Casting a curious shadow;
The nib of my pen writes on,
Followed by its double.
A curious sight to see my pen
With a shadow so long and thin,
The lines so dark and definite,
Fast begin to dim.
For now a saucy cloud appears
To cover up the sun;
The shadow fades and fades away,
Until completely gone.

DORA DEMPSTER—Grade XI

Another Milestone - The Opening of Dalton House

September 22, 1961

Every morning for a week before The Opening we practised methodically, each day adding a stage or two more. Everyone knew her position. No one was confused. Then on the day itself, rain blessed the new building and the ground, without a thought for our plans.

At Prayers we heard the rudiments of "Number Two, The Rain Plan", and pictured the cutting of the ribbon in its new indoor location. At four o'clock with a minimum of panic we moved into

position for the first part of the ceremony.

Dr. C. C. Ferguson, the Chairman of the Board, welcomed the assembled parents and friends in the Gymnasium, and Mr. J. D. Riley, Building Campaign Chairman, thanked all those responsible for the new building. Miss Murrell-Wright expressed her thanks to the mothers for the sunshine which had been created in the School even though the dark clouds outside hung low.

The new building was officially named Dalton Jouse in honour of Miss Dalton, the first Head-mistress of Havergal Ladies College which opened in 1901 and later became Rupert's Land. The White House was re-named Aikins House in memory of Sir James Aikins who gave his house and grounds to the United Church for the founding of Riverbend School. The Most Reverend H. H. Clark, Primate of Canada, then led special prayers and the service closed with a Hymn of Thanksgiving.

The second part of the ceremony began when The Honourable Errick F. Willis, Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, and the platform party walked through the halls of the old buildings, into the new glass passage, their entire route brightened by autumn flowers and lined on both sides by a guard of honour of the girls of Balmoral Hall. The honoured guests were followed by the Choir who

arranged themselves in the old glass passage.

Two juniors, Pamela Puttock and Elizabeth McIntosh, presented Mrs. Willis with roses and His Honour with the scissors with which he cut the ribbon, officially opening Dalton House. The Reverend D. Ray, representing the Moderator of the United Church, then said the Prayer of dedication and the Choir sang the Doxology. A tour of the new building followed while Miss Murrell-Wright entertained the platform party at tea in the Drawing-Room of Aikins House. Serving at tea, and later presented to His Honour, were the Head Girl, School Captain, and Sports Captain.

Dalton House provides classrooms for the Nursery School, Kindergarten, and Grade One. Sixty boarders now enjoy a well-equipped recreation room, gay bedrooms in a variety of colour schemes, and a dignified and hospitable blue drawing-room. The dining room for one hundred and twenty is serviced by a pantry that communicates by dumb waiters and a circular stairway, with the kitchen on the floor below. The old carved sideboards look perfectly at home with the modern tables and chairs.

Having spent memorable times in the old Red House, we still feel nostalgic about it as do many others, but Dalton House is beautiful even as it is functional.

NORA BAKER AND BETTY NICHOL

A Bedroom In Dalton House





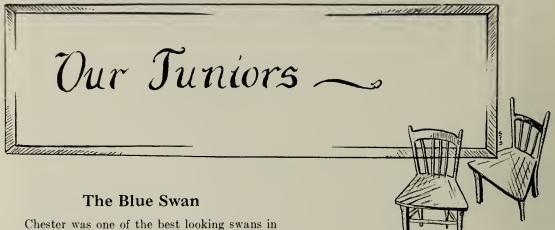
The Blue Drawing Room

This room is very special. The Common Room is functional and has space—the Boarders' Sitting-Rooms have comfortable chairs and television, but the blue drawing-room is different. It asks for and gets special behaviour in keeping with its tone. Here, boarders meet parents who may be in the city, or a group meets after dinner to listen to special music, and one evening the conversation was all in French. And here on many Sunday evenings with the drapes drawn and the fire burning brightly, groups of boarders gather for fireside chats before bedtime. Yes, this room is still very special.



The Dining Room

You had to know the old dining-room to understand the general pleasure in this new dining-room. The windowed wall which lets in sunshine even through the winter months, the attractive drapes and matching place mats, the light-coloured tables and chairs have combined to make this a very pleasing room.



Chester was one of the best looking swans in Swan City to be sure and Swan City was a very large city indeed. The best dressed swan in the city was Sir Rupertfil and he wore a top hat, tails, and carried a big pocket watch and a cane to help him along. Chester wasn't rich but he at least had a top hat.

Now, Sir Rupertfil thought he was so grand he ordered a princess swan named Princess Petunia Swannest to be his wife. Chester had heard that Petunia's feathers were like velvet and her head was crowned with gold. Soon the day came when she was to arrive.

From five o'clock in the morning the swans waited for the arrival of the princess, and by five o'clock the next night every swan was depressed and decided she wasn't coming. Sir Rupertfil was angry. He had waited so long for this wonderful moment and it was now spoiled.

When the swans at an apartment called Hazel Nut woke up, they found Chester was missing. What they didn't know was that Chester had gone to hunt for the princess out in the middle of the lake where he found an old log cabin owned by a beaver. After finding the door, in he walked. The cabin was big and creaky inside and it was deserted.

When the sun rose in the early morning he started on his journey searching the lake. While Chester was out on the lake shivering, his house was taken over by a band of beavers. These beavers were swannappers and had captured the princess.

When Chester returned home he realized someone else was living in his house. He looked into a window where he saw beavers with daggers around a poor helpless swan. Chester didn't know she was the princess so he went back to Swan City. Everyone heard about the captured swan but didn't believe it, and so Chester decided to help the princess swan.

After many exciting experiences he finally rescued the swan, Petunia. Everyone called him a hero. He had saved a beautiful swan!

Chester fell in love with Petunia and they were to be married. Petunia had told Chester she had not a father or mother because she knew they wouldn't approve. So, it was arranged for Sir Rupertfil to take her down the aisle.

When the wedding day came Sir Rupertfil brought her down the aisle. Then he noticed her crown. He knew it must be the princess, and so he grabbed her and then ran off. Chester burst into tears and turned to run after, but as he ran he fell and hurt himself so he could go no further.

The princess was never heard of or seen again. Chester's heart was broken and ever since that day he has felt very blue. He's a Blue Swan!

JANE FERGUSON-Grade VI

Superstitions

Don't walk under a ladder, Never break a mirror in two, Don't let a black cat cross your path, Or bad luck will come to you.

Never step on a sidewalk crack, Salt you must never spill, Never open an umbrella in the house, Or the goblins will wish you ill.

But these signs don't bother me, I don't really think they should, I've thirteen letters in my name, And I don't knock on wood.

DEBBIE DICKSON-Grade VI

Princess Yvonne

This story takes place in the late sixteen hundreds. In France, the King had asked young farm women to go to New France to be brides to the bachelor settlers.

At this time a tomboy princess was growing up. She didn't like being a princess so Yvonne thought it would be nice to be a farm woman. She decided she would learn to cook, sew and do other things like that from the servant who cleaned her room.

One day while taking a walk through the city she saw a sign saying, "Wanted! Strong farm women. Report to Captain Hébert." She walked on a little further thinking about the sign. Then a daring plan came into her head.

A month later when the ship for New France was almost ready, one more lady came. Her name was Madeleine Pierre who was really the princess with a false name. While sailing, many women became sick with scurvy, though Madeleine did not.

Once in New France she went to a convent which had been prepared for them, but she and several other women soon had their husbands. Madeleine was to be married to Jean LeBlanc. He already had a farm and a log house built. Madeleine loved it all.

After several years she was looking after ten children. The boys and girls had to do their share of the work but were happy. Madeleine and Jean took turns teaching the children for there was no school near by.

As each one of the children got married or went to work she asked them to come home on her fiftieth birthday. After that the years seemed to go quickly but the day for the children's return to come slowly. Madeleine and Jean looked forward to it most eagerly.

The day came! One after another the children arrived. By dinner time all the children again were seated around the table. Each one was asking and answering questions. After a delicious meal they went and sat around the fire and talked. It was there that Madeleine told, that she was one of the royal family and her true name was Yvonne Louis.

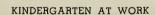
After that she lived many long happy years. When her death came she was taken to France to be buried with her royal kin.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL—Grade VI

Granny's Frying Pan

Now it happened one day, In the month of May, Granny's frying pan ran away, Out of the cupboard and onto the floor, Down a few steps and through the door: It ran and ran as fast as it could, Through a meadow and then a wood— Nobody caught him, nobody could, At least he thought that nobody would. At last he spotted a lonely old man, Who had ham and eggs but he hadn't a pan, But the pan decided he wasn't in need, So he went on and on till he came to a steed. The steed hadn't a shoe and needed some care, For the poor old steed couldn't go anywhere. The pan soon tried to cross a stream, But he started to drown and then to scream. Nobody would help him, nobody would, Nobody would even try to, even if they could, So the Selfish Pan Drowned.

CLAIRE ROULSTON—Grade V





The Blue Swan

On the quiet rippling stream, As the night was changing to dawn, As the sky was slowly changing, I saw a swan.

He came gliding on the water, Like a cloud against the sky, And preened his shining feathers, As he drifted by.

Now the dawn was blue as crystal, It was calm as calm could be, And the swan looked down and wondered, "Can this be me?"

JANIS McKeag-Grade V

The Magic Flute

Far, far away in India there lived a little Indian boy named Neka. Neka was nine years old, and his father was a Snake-Charmer.

Ever since Neka was five he had longed to have a flute like his father's. But his family was poor and they lived by his father's Snake-Charming money.

One day when Neka had finished his chores, he sat down to think how he could earn enough cheros (or dollars) to buy a flute. That afternoon he went to the store to look at the flutes that were on sale there. As he was passing Gepano's Instrument Store, he saw a flute that was priced at twenty-five cheros. Neka took out his money and counted it. There were five cheros. Neka ran home, but as he was passing over the bridge he heard a scream. He turned around and saw the merchant's daughter Delino splashing about in the deep water. Quickly Neka took off his sweater and dived into the deep water. He caught Delino and took her to the shore. Very soon Delino's father heard about his daughter and came hurrying down and saw Neka and Delino coming up the road. Neka explained all that had happened. Then the merchant took fifteen cheros and a serana (which is worth five dollars) and gave it to Neka. Neka thanked him and ran to the store and bought the flute.

When Neka got home he showed the flute to his mother. He blew into it, and it played the most beautiful tune.

Soon crowds of people gathered around to hear Neka play the flute. When the Town Mayor heard the music, he went to see who was playing it. When he saw Neka, his eyes opened wide. He said, "My boy, will you play that tune as a lullaby for me every night?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Neka.

Neka's family were still very poor, but Neka and his flute always made them happy.

BEVERLY KNIGHT-Grade V

The Three Princes And The Pig

There was once a king who had three sons. The eldest son's name was Charles, who was always boasting. The second son's name was Andrew, who was just like his older brother. The youngest son was Philip who was very kind and generous.

One day the eldest son went out to seek his fortune. After a while he saw a pig caught in a fence. The pig asked the prince if he would set him free. The prince was well dressed and so he told the pig that he would not, and he went on his way.

The next day the second son went out to seek his fortune. He too saw the pig caught in the fence. The pig asked him if he would set him free. The prince was well dressed so he said that he would not, and he went on his way.

The next day the youngest son wanted to seek his fortune, but the king would not let him because his two other brothers did not come back with any fortune. Finally the king let him seek his fortune. After a while the prince saw the pig caught in the fence and he had pity on him. The prince was well dressed but he helped the pig. The pig was very happy. The prince started to walk away and then he heard a voice say, "Stop!" When he turned around there in the middle of the road stood a beautiful girl instead of a pig.

In time they were married and they lived happily ever after.

ALISON GREATREX-Grade IV

The Queen's Plate

The gun is fired and off they go, The chestnut in the lead. While other horses right behind, Follow with all speed.

They round the turn and down the track; They're racing very fast The jockeys crouching on their backs— The posts are flashing past.

And then you hear the cries arise, "The Queen is here today!"
The chestnut wins the special prize, And the crowd cries, "Hooray!"

MARTHA PENNOCK—Grade IV



GRADES TWO AND THREE

Circus Train

I see the circus train, Riding through the plain. I like the pretty cages, With lions in great rages.

The circus train has seals, Who balance little wheels. It has a kangaroo who jumps, And a camel with two humps.

The train has animals large and small, And also animals short and tall. The train has many colours bright, Taking the animals through the night.

ELIZABETH HAWORTH—Grade III

The Happy Swans

Once there was a baby swan who liked to swim. But he liked best of all to fly. One day he flew over a big field by a little pond. Just then he saw something moving in the grass. It was a big lady swan. She was a beautiful blue colour. Then the baby swan looked down at himself and he thought that he was a baby. But he saw that he was no longer a baby. He flew down to see what was the matter. The lady swan was running away from an old lady. She had a gun and wanted to kill her but she flew too fast for her. Just then the Blue Swan saw a nice place to go to sleep. In the night the lady swan felt something bumpy under her. She got up and looked under her. She found some eggs. They counted the eggs. Now they had a family and lived happily forever.

Susan Daniels-Grade II

What I'd Do

If I had a horn I'd blow, blow, blow,

If I had a drum I'd beat, beat, beat.

If I had some cymbals I'd clash, clash, clash.

If I had a triangle I'd tap, tap, tap.

If I had a piano I would play, play, play,

If I had my way.

Frances Egerton—Grade II

The Parade of The Fairies

Once there was a queen fairy who was going to have a parade. In the parade she was going to have beautiful floats. On the last float she was going to sit on a throne and wave to all. She had one trouble. She could not find a fairy to lead the parade.

One day she called on the smallest fairy in the kingdom. She was so beautiful and good the queen decided she would ask this fairy to lead the parade.

The day of the parade came. Some of the fairies were on floats and some marched in the streets with beautiful clothes on. Some fairies were dressed like flowers and some like birds and other things. It was a beautiful parade.

After the parade was over the queen gave a party for the fairies with lovely things to eat and drink. When the party was over the queen wished at the wishing well. She wished the little fairy would some day become queen because she was so kind and good.

Donna Rogers—Grade III



GRADE ONE IN THEIR NEW CLASSROOM

Purple's Birthday

Purple was a dog. It was his birthday. Purple's Mother said, "Happy Birthday Purple." Purple said, "May I phone my little friends and ask them to come over at one o'clock?" Mother said, "Fine." Seven little dogs came with presents for Purple. He got a bone, an old slipper, a toy ball, some biscuits, a cover for his bed, a pencil and a ruler and an eraser for school, and a book. They had a lovely party and lots to eat. Purple had a birthday cake with six candles on it. They had biscuits and milk to drink. After tea Purple took them all for a walk. They met a cat. They all chased the cat and the birthday dog caught it. The Mother dog said, "You naughty dog. Go up to bed." Purple's friends went home and said they would never chase cats again. Purple came downstairs and said, "I am sorry."

Barbara Morris-Grade I

The Magic Mushroom

There was a magic mushroom That slept almost all day But woke up in the night time And with its friends did play.

PATRICIA YAREMOVICH—Grade I

Kitten Up A Tree

Kitten, Kitten, where are you? Here I am up a tree. Kitten, Kitten, I love you. Kitten cries mew, mew mew.

DARCY McKEAG-Grade II

The Rescue

Once upon a time there was a puppy whose name was Scamp. He was brown and he had a white ruff around his neck. His puppy friends were all jumpers but Scamp was the best of all. They all lived on a farm. They loved to play and jump in the field all day.

They had a little Mistress called Cathy. One day she was playing on a high wall when suddenly she fell off into the river.

"Help! Help!" she cried.

Scamp was in the barn eating his lunch. He heard the cries for help and he knew it was his mistress' voice. He ran out of the barn and over to the high wall. He stopped and stood there for a minute, then he ran and jumped over the high wall, into the river, and saved Cathy.

That night Cathy gave Scamp a special dinner because she was very glad Scamp had saved her life. The next day Cathy went to school and told the teacher and all her friends how Scamp had saved her life.

They all thought that it was a miracle that Scamp could jump such a high wall and save her.

DEBRA GRIFFITHS-Grade III

A Friend

I have a friend, Velvet is her name, She's not on television, she has no fame. With pointed ears, and a silky mane, She prances with a circus train.

She can do a lot of tricks, When the trainer points the sticks. Can you guess who my Velvet can be? A circus horse, all for me!

CATHERINE THOMAS—Grade III

The Magic Mushroom

There was once a little girl named Rebecca. Rebecca had hair as golden as the sun. Her eyes were as blue as the sky above. Rebecca lived in the faraway country of England.

One day Rebecca's mother sent her out to gather mushrooms. Rebecca adored to go out on the soft, downy meadows and pick mushrooms.

The sun had just come over the hills when Rebecca set out. She skipped along to where the mushrooms grew, and started to pick some. Soon her basket was full, but as she was leaving she saw an enormous mushroom. She stooped to pick it up, and was astonished to hear the mushroom cry out. The mushroom told her that he was a mushroom that the fairies danced under. Then he told her that if she let him go, she could come back tomorrow at midnight to see the fairies. Rebecca agreed heartily to this. She thanked the mushroom and ran all the way home.

The next day passed slowly and drearily for Rebecca. Her mind always wandered from what she was doing. That night Rebecca stayed awake thinking of the fairies. At last she heard the clock strike twelve. She jumped out of bed and put her clothes on. She was so excited that she was trembling. When she reached the field she saw the glimmer of hundreds of lights. She ran on her tiptoes towards the shining circle. The whole place was a mass of coloured lights. The inside of the mushroom looked like a rainbow. Rebecca was puzzled. She had thought the mushroom large before but now it was several times its size. Rebecca didn't puzzle over this much, as there was so much more to see. Standing beside the stem of the mushroom was a lady dressed in a gown of shimmering silver. On her head she wore a golden crown with sparkling jewels. Everyone was dressed in lovely clothes. Rebecca was overjoyed when a fairy prince came over and asked her to dance. She found, when she entered the fairy ring, she became as small as the fairies. What a lovely time Rebecca had at the fairy ball! She was sorry when she had to leave. She politely thanked the mushroom and the fairy queen. Then she returned home.

The next day when Rebecca went to see the mushroom it had disappeared.

DIANA MAJURY—Grade V

Lucky Robin

A robin wakes up early And eats and doesn't care He doesn't have to put on shoes Or comb his snarly hair.

JOY KEATING—Grade II

The Magic of Frost

One cold wintry morning, As I got out of bed, I peered through the window And just stopped dead!

For I saw not the trees and grass As from view they were lost, But glistening figures in the sun—The magic of frost!

Little tiny mountains
All in a band,
Surrounded by castles—
Oh! This must be fairyland!

But suddenly the sun came out And warm sunbeams did pour, They melted all the magic—and It was fairyland no more!

The Golden Flute

Once there lived a very rich king whose name was John. He was very mean and he always kept his money locked up in a safe place.

One day while he was riding on his horse he saw a peddler with a beautiful golden flute. Now he was wondering why a poor man should have a golden flute and he asked the man if he was willing to sell. The peddler sold it and received a fair price.

When John got back to the palace he ordered one of his servants to play the flute for him while he ate his dinner. When the servant started to play a great pack of rats came swarming out. King John was furious. He ordered the servants to take the rats out but more and more came. They started to eat the king's dinner. King John was very angry and he called for his horse.

He rode down to the place where he had seen the peddler and asked him if he would buy back the flute and try to get rid of all the rats.

He ordered the peddler back to his palace and showed him all the rats. The peddler burst out laughing and said that the servant had played the wrong tune. Then the peddler played a tune and a lot of cats came out and killed all the rats. But the peddler said he could not take away the cats.

So from that day on King John lived with cats everywhere and he spent most of his money buying cat food.



SMILES FROM THE NURSERY SCHOOL

The Light In The Dark

Once upon a time there lived a family called the Smiths. They lived in the middle of a dark forest. The family was poor. Their father was a woodcutter. There were ten children and they were never sad.

One day two of the children went out to fish through the ice in the pond. They were travelling towards some mountains. It was just about night and so they stopped to rest in the forest. All of a sudden they heard a crackling of a twig. The two boys quickly hid behind a tree. Out from behind a bush came a little Newfoundland puppy. He was black with a little pink tongue and he had sad, but kind, brown eyes. The puppy came and licked them. The two boys put him in their basket and walked towards the pond.

The wind was cold and the snow was blowing. The boys could not reach the pond and so they stopped. Then they saw a light. It started to get closer. Through the trees came a big black Newfoundland. He went to the little puppy and licked him. Around the neck of Raddy, the big dog, a little lantern was swinging in the wind. With this lantern Raddy led the way to his master's house. They rang the doorbell and a servant answered. They were led to a beautiful room where a jolly, fat man sat on a pretty blue chair. After a long conversation the two boys found, to their surprise, that they were related to this kind old man. In fact he was their grandfather.

Then the three happy people went back to the boys' house. Their grandfather asked if the whole Smith family would like to live with him in his big house. They all started to pack at once and they lived happily ever after in the big house on the mountains.

LORRAINE MURRAY—Grade IV

Wind

A sad wind
A glad wind
Going to and fro,
A warm wind
A storm wind
Clouds coming low.

A bitter wind
A litter wind
Paper blowing 'round,
A chill wind
A still wind
That does not make a sound.

LINDA-GAIL ARNETT—Grade VI

The Glass House

Once upon a time there was a glass house and a fairy lived in it. She was very happy because she had lovely dishes and furniture. She cleaned her house every day. She washed her dishes after every meal. When company came in she always had nice things like peas and potatoes. She had an extra bed in case someone came. This glass house shone like silver in the sun. The birds could see in it and look at the fairy playing the piano. Everybody loved the glass house.

Frances Egerton—Grade II

Memories of a Faded Flower

When I was a seed, Small, hard, and round I lay in a bed Beneath the ground.

Then I grew to a flower, Bright as the sun; As I think of it now It was lots of fun.

KATHERINE LEDERMAN—Grade IV

Entertainment and Education

On Friday, March 9, the last day of Education Week, many parents enjoyed an afternoon of French and music, which started appropriately with "O Canada", sung in French by the Junior School.

"We had fun," commented Harriet Carter, Grade One. "We liked dancing and singing 'Sur Le Pont d'Avignon'."

"We each had a basket, rose, jaune, ou bleu," said Donna Logan, Grade Two. "Frances was 'Le Cerisier', and we picked trois cerises, and put them in our baskets," added Louise Nebbs.

"I liked the French lullaby we sang to our dolls," interposed Donna Jean Brundage, Grade Three.

"For Grade Four's play, 'Cendrillon', I was the Prince and Margot was Cendrillon," Diane Flick informed us. "Beth was the ugly mother and she caught her high heels in her dress," laughed Lorraine Murray, an ugly sister. "Cathy Clough took my place as the other ugly sister because I had to stay in bed," we were told by Virginia Wood. "My sister said that everyone enjoyed the play."

After this play, six piano students gave a demonstration of music-making. All were impressed with their knowledge as they followed rhythmic patterns by clapping their hands to mark the value of notes, and identified simple songs played on the piano.

Grade Five then sang several French songs, and ended with a telephone conversation in which arrangements were made to go to a cowboy film. Lastly, Grade Six won well-deserved applause for their play, "La Vieille Dame Qui Habite le Soulier."

The Junior School programme was followed by four songs by the Senior School Choral Groups. Firstly, "Gracious Saviour" by C. Van Gluck, was sung with great feeling by Grades Seven, Eight and Nine. The Grade Ten, Eleven and Twelve choir then sang a composition by Handel and a negro spiritual. To end this enjoyable afternoon, the School Choir sang, "Music When Soft Voices Die", by Charles Wood.

DEBORAH JACKSON—Grade X





Le Tigre Va A L'Ecole

Un jour j'ai apporté un tigre dans la salle de classe, mais il n'a pas été sauvage. C'est un jouet et il s'appelle Pancake.

Pancake n'habite pas dans la jungle d'Afrique mais il habite dans notre maison. Il est orange et noir comme les tigres ordinaires et il a les yeux verts aussi. Tous les tigres ont les yeux verts et ils voient très bien. Les pieds de Pancake sont blancs. Les tigres de la jungle n'ont pas les pattes blanches, mais ils ont les pieds oranges et noirs.

Pancake a de très petites oreilles. Autour de son cou, il y a un beau ruban bleu. Pancake est un bon tigre, et assis sur ma table de toilette dans ma chambre à coucher il a l'air très gentil.

Pamella Kayser—Grade IX

Les Oiseaux Etranges

Une élève marche devant la classe avec un grand livre. Elle demande:

—Qu'est-ce que c'est?

La question est très simple et une autre élève repond tout de suite:

—C'est un livre.

Toute la classe sait la réponse quand l'élève devant la classe demande:

—En quoi est-il?

—Il est en papier.

Puis elle ouvre le livre et montre une image dans le livre.

—Que voyez-vous? elle demande.

—Je vois deux oiseaux, répond une élève.

—Sont-ils jolis ou vilains? demande-t-elle.

—Ils sont jolis, répond une élève.

Oui, les oiseaux sont très jolis. Ils sont rouges, noirs et bleux.

L'élève devant la classe demande:

—Habitent-ils à Winnipeg?

-Certainement non.

Maintenant elle tourne la page.

—Combien d'oiseaux voyez-vous?

C'est très étrange. La classe ne voit pas d'oiseaux. Bientôt elle montre trois petits oiseaux au coin de la page. La classe a souri. Il est très intéressant de regarder les oiseaux étranges.

ELIZABETH WEBSTER-Grade IX



THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE 1961-1962 SENIOR LIBRARY

Julia Berry Eleanor Gaskell Evadne Ward Carol Albertsen Clare McCulloch Elsie Shandro

The library is a very important centre of activity in the Senior School. We now have approximately 3,100 books, and an average of ninety are circulated every week. Mrs. Collie conducts library periods to help Grades VII, VIII, and IX choose books and make reports on them. In addition, a great deal of browsing and reference work goes on.

Several interesting displays have been on view this year. At Christmastime a selection of paintings depicting the Nativity were displayed. During Education Week information about Universities and preparation for various careers was the special feature. We wish to thank the United Kingdom Information Service for their gift of beautiful photographs of the Universities of London, Cambridge, and Oxford. During Canadian Library Week, we featured books about book-making, and the history of the art of writing.

During Young Canada's Book Week we had the annual Library Quiz. The Library was filled with eager girls searching for answers in dictionaries, and in every sort of reference book. The winners in the senior section were Carol Swindell and Joan Barker, and in the junior section, Katharine Kilgour. However, there were many good papers and house points were awarded. Ballater just managed to win from its close rival, Braemar.

To help Mrs. Collie, a committee of twenty-six girls has worked faithfully throughout the year. Early in the fall a group went to the William Avenue Library to learn how to mend books under the expert supervision of Mrs. Willa Wells. They were particularly impressed by the hot cocoa machine, and the remark that Mrs. Wells would be glad to have them work for her during the summer. In five mending sessions since then, with sharpened awls and a gallon of glue, we have mended many books.

Seventy-one new books for the Senior Library have been made ready for circulation, and transparent Mylar covers have been painstakingly put on to protect the book jackets. We wish to thank the committee of Mothers who helped in this large undertaking.

As in past years the library has benefited from the generosity of friends. We especially

wish to thank Mrs. Collum for the new and versatile globe, and for the beautiful Encyclopedia of Art.

The whole committee would like to thank Mrs. Collie for her kind and patient guidance this year. The Library has certainly taken on new dimensions for us.

JULIA BERRY

Chief Librarian

JUNIOR LIBRARY

Last year was the year several hundred new "Stepping Stones" books were added to the Junior Library. This year our main object has been to get these books and the other 1,200 volumes on the shelves circulating. In this respect we have been very successful, and at least seventy-five books have been taken out each week.

The library is open during three lunch hours a week, and girls may come in to select books with the Librarian's help, to work from the reference books, or just to browse. Besides this, each grade has one period a week with the Librarian. During these periods the older girls have had instruction in the use of the reference books, the catalogue drawers, and a brief outline of the Dewey Decimal System. The girls have kept records of their reading, and have had to report on some of the books they enjoyed reading. The younger childdren have spent part of their time listening to stories which usually have been taken from the current display in the library, or stories that have led them into new fields of reading. Of the sixty new books that have been added this year, many of them have been story books that appeal to the girls who have graduated from picture books, and are eagerly becoming steady readers.

Throughout the year there have been many displays. At Hallowe'en, UNICEF posters and pamphlets helped everyone to find out more about children of other lands, and to understand why the "Trick or Treat" money was so badly needed.

During Young Canada's Book Week the library was made as gay as possible, with red felt lining the shelves, and even part of the carpet. Twenty titles of books in the library had to be guessed from pictures put up around the wall.

At Christmas a manger scene made a lovely setting for the readings of "Amahl and the Night Visitors", and "Baboushka and the Three Kings".

Dolls of many lands visited us during February, while books, posters, maps and pamphlets about Japan, Germany, Holland, France, Spain, England and Italy were being displayed. By means of story books that month we boarded a "magic carpet" each library period and visited all these countries. We would like to thank the owners of the dolls who kindly let them stay with us so long. Especially we would like to thank Mrs. Sumida, whose many Japanese objects were the main attraction.

Our large selection of French books and records were displayed during Education Week. The younger grades listened to and helped translate stories read to them in French.

A great deal of progress has been made on the vertical file, thanks to the committee of mothers who worked hard clipping interesting bits of information from a great variety of magazines. A subject file is nearing completion as well. It consists of two drawers of cards indexed according to subject matter so that both staff and girls can quickly find out what books we have on any topic, from Africa to Zoos.

With so many more books going out of the Library, the jobs to be done, such as returning the books to the shelves, tidying, and repairing torn covers, have increased. Many thanks to Carol Albertsen and her committee for their many hours of work.

Tribute to Alec

Alexander Romaniuk has been a very important part of Balmoral Hall since the amalgation in 1950. One of the few things I can remember of my first day at School is my mother's asking me if I knew Alec. I did. To me, Alec was almost as important as my teacher.

His connection with the School gardens is much older than Balmoral Hall. He took care of the gardens when Riverbend School was there. That was a long time ago, but Alec's association with those gardens goes back even further than that. As a young man, Alec started working at Riverbend when it was a private house. I wonder if the children who lived there then had their leaf-houses raked up as we always had!

During the summer months, Alec has always kept the gardens at Balmoral Hall in glorious bloom. Each spring, he spent long hours planting his precious petunias. In autumn, when the leaves started fluttering to the ground, he raked them into piles for burning. His ruthless destroying of leaf-houses has often frustrated the Juniors, but nevertheless, Alec raked on because of his wish for a lovely garden.

The coming of winter always meant a different kind of work for Alec. Instead of working in the garden, he was faced with the doubtful pleasures of shovelling snow, or flooding the skating rink, but he is one of the few people who never grumble about the cold weather.

The benevolent old man's talents have always been applied to repairs as well as to gardening. How often he has repaired a broken desk, mended a bed, or replaced a light bulb! He was also compelled to be a heating specialist in order to put a faulty thermostat in order, and keep the scattered buildings comfortable. Many are the night trips he has made in answer to emergency calls when the furnace had stopped. Few situations arose when Alec could not put things right.

This grand old man has withstood a great deal of teasing from the girls. When his bicycle was missing, he knew that one of the girls was merely trying his patience. He continued about his work with the knowledge that the bicycle would return just as the perennials appear each spring. Once a girl discovered that Alec would not become irritated, he became her friend. At first appearance, he looks stern, but anyone seeing him lovingly caring for the garden cannot help realizing how great his heart must be.

This autumn, Alec retired. He left quietly. Few people noticed his disappearance until perhaps a desk needed mending. All that had often been taken for granted has gone. Never again will we look upon his broad back as he pedals through the gate. No more will his bicycle stand in its accustomed place. Alec's slow deliberate footsteps will not echo through the halls again. He can no longer be found in his workshop by the laundry room. It used to be hard to imagine Balmoral Hall without Alec, and now we know the gap he has left. The girls of Balmoral Hall all miss him, and wish him the best of luck.

JOAN SELLERS

If I Had My Way

Tiny opened his big brown eyes to witness the breaking of another day. He lay on his mat trying to dream away the dull ache which always haunted his six-year-old body. It did not help. His stomach still hurt. He rolled off his mat, folded it, and put it in the corner of the room on the mud floor.

Tiny wandered into the other room. It was the only "other" room the hut had. The floor was pressed mud which became soft when it rained. The walls of the hut were made of vines and branches woven together and plastered with mud. A thatched roof kept the sunlight and rain from directly entering the two small rooms.

Tiny watched his family prepare for another day. Not a word was spoken. He saw his

father, old and worn from years of labour, fasten a sack onto his back, kiss his wife, and silently leave the hut. He watched his elder brother, who, from labour and hunger, had become old without being young, do the same as his father.

His sister, just two years older than he, sat in a corner pounding grain to pulp in order to make cakes. He knew that this was the last of their grain, and no one knew how long that little bit was going to have to last. His mother came to him, kissed his forehead, and set a small piece of cake in his hand. Tiny held it, knowing this was his meal for the day—all he would get to soothe those unending hunger pains.

Perhaps today would be the day his father and brother would come home with full sacks. "If I had my way," thought Tiny, "I would earn all the grain in the land for my family and our friends."

Then Tiny heard a strange noise. It sounded like thunder. It became louder and louder. Suddenly from out of the jungle came a monster, heading straight for the little hut. Tiny ran and clung to his sister and mother. The monster stopped within a few yards of the hut, and Tiny's brown eyes widened as two men got off its back, walked round to the side, opened a door, and began to pull out some boxes.

Tiny smiled that night when his family were sitting on the floor eagerly eating the food that was in those boxes. It was the first time he had smiled for months.

"I have had my way," he thought.

JANET CAMPBELL—Grade IX

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens

Everyone was dressed in white gloves and party dress as the group from Grades IV, V and VI excitedly rode in the bus to the Playhouse. When we arrived we were given programmes, went to our seats and talked till the two lights clicked.

The first ballet was called "Jeux d'Arlequins" and in it the harlequins played around some boards. The boards were light blue and this gave a soothing feeling. Suddenly the corps de ballet turned the boards over and made them vivid orange. The music also changed to a harsh mood. This dance was very colourful and the dancers received great applause.

The second dance was called "Etude". In it a young girl dressed in black was taught exercises at the bar by an older ballerina. The bar was held by two men.

The third ballet was called "Sea Gallows". It was about a young man who was murdered.

A year later his wife married again. When she realized that this man was the one who had killed her husband, she killed him but she is killed too.

The last play, "La Fille Mal Gardée", is the oldest ballet in Canada. It is about a girl whose mother wants her to marry a comical vine-grower's son because he is very rich. The mother does not watch Lise carefully enough, and she manages to marry the boy she is in love with.

As we left the Playhouse on the bus for Dalton House tired faces smiled in memory of "Les Grands Ballets Canadiens."

CATHERINE WOOD CONSTANCE VINCENT
SUSAN SAUNDERS DEBORAH RILEY
DEBORAH CASEY NANCY CULVER
Grade V

Cupid Capers, 1962

On a rather chilly Friday, February 16, we held our annual Valentine dance. The guests passed through an entrace of red and white streamers into a hall very effectively decorated as a Roman temple. On the back wall, in large white letters, was "TEMPLUM AMORIS—BEATI VALENTINI". A "heart" tree placed at the head of the hall maintained the Valentine spirit. White streamers, strung from all four walls, were fastened at the centre to form a massive white basket trimmed with streamers and red hearts, and filled with balloons.

Throughout the evening a variety of dances were played, including the Tango, the Polka, and the Cha-Cha. One selection caught Mrs. Byrne doing the "new for '62" dance, The Twist. Jane McDiarmid and Alan Lauder won the Treasure Hunt which was the special event of the evening. All too quickly came the finale, which consisted of the releasing of the basket of balloons. Then everyone left after spending a very pleasant evening at Cupid Capers, 1962.

BRENDA SIMMIE



Excitement in The Forest

It was a pleasant evening in the settlement of Teulon as Jeanette finished helping her mother, and stood by the door of the one-roomed cottage.

"Maman, I am going to look for the cat, Mimi. I cannot find her anywhere. She may have wandered near the forest," Jeanette said.

"Do not wander too far, ma chère. Monsieur La Blanche said that the Iroquois have been very restless lately."

As she passed the Huron camp at the edge of the village she waved to her Indian friend, Minawaha, and told her where she was going.

Jeanette walked to the edge of the forest but she could not find a trace of the cat. Since it was not quite dark, she decided to go down the path in the forest to search for her.

Tall trees reached endlessly up towards the star-studded sky. Their huge branches nearly blocked the ground of any light, but here and there shafts of soft silver moonlight stole through the branches.

Jeanette was blind to this magical beauty around her as she walked farther and farther into the forest.

"Mimi, you naughty cat!" cried Jeanette as she picked up the cat from the rock where it dozed.

"Now, let's go home," she said turning around. As she turned around she realized that while looking for Mimi, she had wandered off the path. Knowing she would not be able to find the path at night, the young girl lay down under a sheltering pine tree and fell asleep with the cat clutched tightly in her arms.

The next morning Jeanette rose with the sun. As she hunted for the path, she heard two men coming towards her and so she quickly hid behind a tree.

"Now, we'll get rid of those pesky settlers," said a heavily built man with black hair, dressed in dirty buckskin and carrying a fierce looking rifle.

"That was a good idea of yours—stirring up the Iroquois and selling them rifles. Now they are going to burn the whole village and kill all the people. We can leave town this evening—a few hours before the Indians visit on 'urgent business'," laughed his companion.

Meanwhile Jeanette realized that these two men were Pierre and Jean Taleau, the twin brothers who owned a branch of the North-West Company in Teulon. The brothers had never liked the new settlers because, since they had come, the fur-bearing animals had retreated and were harder and harder to find.

In her astonishment, Jeanette glanced around the tree. Too late, she realized that she might be seen. "Well, what have we here?" Pierre asked his brother as he roughly pulled the girl from behind the tree, "Ha! A spy."

"What shall we do with her?" asked Jean.

"We can't kill her."

"We will tie her up to this tree. As there is no one around, no one can release her, and by morning the whole settlement will be burnt to ashes."

After tying the girl securely to a tree, the two evildoers left.

Jeanette could not say low long she was tied there. The ropes bit into her skin very painfully and the sun shining relentlessly burnt her skin.

Suddenly she heard a voice calling her. In a

few minutes the caller appeared.

"Oh—there you are, Jeanette! What happened? I will untie the ropes!" It was Minawaha, her Indian friend.

"When your mother told me you did not return last night, I went to look for you. I

thought you might be in trouble."

"It is not I who am in trouble. It is the settlement," said Jeanette. "Come, I will tell you what happened but we must warn the settlement. Jean and Pierre Taleau have stirred up the Iroquois and they are going to burn down the settlement tonight. Come, let us hurry."

Until they died, Minawaha and Jeanette never tired of telling their children and grand-children about the fierce battle against the Iroquois. The Iroquois had sneaked up to the fort intending to surprise the settlers, but were instead themselves surprised. The settlers were prepared and they had completely defeated the attackers. The two heroines often showed the people the medal given to them by the governor. Engraved on the medal were the words, "To the two brave girls who saved the settlement of Teulon from the Iroquois in July, 1765."

JUDITH DOWLER-Grade VIII

Enchanting Switzerland

On Tuesday, February 20, Mr. Anton Lendi brought to the school a wonderful film about his native Switzerland. Throughout, he kept up a lively commentary which was often amusing. Mr. Lendi told us a legend concerning the birth of Switzerland. The Lord created the world in six days and when he had finished, he found that he had a small amount of all the beautiful elements left over. On Sunday, he made Switzerland for his own enjoyment. I quite believed this myth as I watched his film.

I had never seen such enchanting sights as Goschernon, the second longest tunnel in the world, and Devil's Bridge, crossing a raging torrent and surrounded by majestic mountains. I watched a folk dance, and saw many traditional

costumes and Swiss people working on handpainted hankies. How could I forget the Chapel of William Tell, situated on the beautiful Lake Lucerne, which winds into the mountains and

drops in cascading waterfalls!

The climax was the "fox-hunt". The "fox", skimming over the snow on skis, was chased by six "hounds". There was great amusement when the "fox" tied her pursuers' skis into knots, and when she changed clothes and took their picture as they raced past. Later she hid in a sled and made them help her up a steep slope. But the "hounds" were persistent; they cornered the "fox" and covered her face with snow. All returned the best of friends.

A nineteenth century Swiss poet gave a young student some very good advice. He said, "Honour and esteem every man's country, but love devotedly and passionately your own." The Swiss people follow this advice, and this makes Switzerland so wonderful and enchanting to everyone.

CHERYL HOWAT

In Winnipeg This Winter

Although "winter" is just another abstract noun to some people, or a soggy, slushy, rainy period to others, it means something else to those who live in Winnipeg.

This winter has been unusually cold and snowy. More talk than usual has depended on how low the mercury would go. Everywhere people walked briskly through the streets, rosy with the cold, and almost unrecognizable in their many clothes. Almost everyone spoke longingly

of spring, and winters when the weather was milder.

However, underneath all the complaining, most people were glad of the cold, blow, and snow. Many enjoyed shocking their friends and relatives in warmer places by casually mentioning in their letters that the normal temperature was about twenty-five below zero, and that snow was falling almost daily. The farmers were happy because the snow insured a moister soil to ward off a drought like last year's. Because the snow was not sticky, few were bothered by flying snowballs. Men rejoiced that their cars remained clean longer, and women that less mud was tracked into the houses.

Even the pets were pleased. They did not have as much trouble as usual because the snow had a hard crust for walking on. Except for a few, dogs and cats were allowed inside more often to toast beside the fire, and often there was more to eat.

But most of all, everyone enjoyed the feeling of well-being that the cold weather brought. Walks were pleasant, if fairly short, and they made one appreciate the coziness of home. The feeling of Christmas did not leave, but stayed as long as the cold temperatures.

Though everyone enjoys complaining about the cold, biting wind and the blinding snow, most people would agree that this has been a good winter.

MARGARET BERRY—Grade IX

EXCHANGES

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE
The Branksome Slogan
The Crofton House School, Vancouver, B.C.
Breezes
QUEEN MARGARET'S SCHOOL MAGAZINEQueen Margaret's School, Duncan, B.C.
The Tallow Dip
Bleatings
St. Helen's School Magazine
The Eagle St. John's Ravenscourt, Fort Garry, Manitoba
THE STUDY CHRONICLE
Horizons
Trafalgar Echoes
Sol Ortus
Weston School Magazine



BALLATER HOUSE

BACK ROW—C. Smith, D. Dempster, B. Williamson, M. Thomas, L. Leach (Head of House), L. Pitt, J. Sutherland, J. Hamilton, J. Berry.

SECOND ROW—A Riddell, S. Noonan, L. Colville, D. Jackson, T. Nance, J. Barker, L. Allison, M. Wiley, C. Schmied, L. Catley, J. Sellers, B. McMurray, K. Kilgour, J. Moody, M. Berry, J. Rattray.

KNEELING—Kathryn Alexander, E. Taylor, L. Watson, S. Bracken, P. Glover, E. Golumbia, W. Young, E. Dempster, K. Neilson, D. Baron, R. Condo, G. Tucker, D. Leadley.

SITTING—D. Casey, V. Wood, B. Catley, L. Frith, L. Doerr, S. Saunders, J. Ferguson, M. Morrison, E. Wiley, S. Puttock, C. Wood, D. Ferguson.

BALLATER HOUSE

Dear Ballaters:

"Next year's House Head is certainly lucky to get such a wonderful group of girls!"

This was the concluding sentence in Anne Seller's report to Ballater last year. And how true it is! You are a wonderful group of girls, Ballaters, and I have never enjoyed anything more than I have enjoyed being your House Head this year.

In the field of sports, we began the year very well with our Sports' Day victory. I especially congratulate the House Relay Team, whose "dashing" finale successfully completed the afternoon's events. But when the season for Volleyball and Broomball came, well—! Our Junior Basketball team (VII, VIII and IX) won all their games. Many thanks go to D. Silvester, whose help was gratefully appreciated.

We did well in other ways as well. We placed first in the Library Quiz and in Advertising for the Magazine. We tied for first place in the Photography Contest and although we did not win the B.H.S.P.W.G., there were many entries handed in with various suggestions.

I cannot thank everyone individually in this House report for her outstanding achievements in

Sports' Day, conduct, work, or games, for I would soon be naming every Ballaterite, but please realize that each one of you has given a great deal to the House with her constant enthusiasm and goodwill.

To next year's House Head, I agree with Anne in saying that you are very lucky to have these wonderful girls behind you. Each one will always be willing to help you in her own special way. It may be that successful free shot in basketball, that tidy uniform and those polished shoes, or that whole term without losing a conduct point. Each girl has a wonderful sense of sportsmanship, house spirit, and loyalty. Let her develop this sense, and thereby contribute her share to Ballater House.

Thank you again, Ballater, for making this year so wonderful for me. I only wish that all of you could have the fun and the experience that comes from being House Head. Those of you who will be House Head in future years will never regret it!

My love to you all,

LINDA LEACH,

Head of Ballater

BRAEMAR HOUSE

Dear Braemar:

Have you ever thought of how easy it would be to compare our House, "Braemar," to a community? Each year the community changes a little; some of the old leave to make room for the new; some find new interests, while others are continually finding new ways to add spice to the lives of their fellow men. The many changes that have occurred as time went on have helped to make this year one of the best!

People make a community. The talents and interests of each individual may be blended to produce a first rate broomball team, volleyball team or basketball team. Learning to play these games together is a golden experience. Even though mistakes are made, such as forgetting to dribble the ball while running down the basketball court, we benefit greatly by them.

Every community periodically has something new of which it can be proud. This year we acquired a new mascot, a large white monkey. It will long be remembered as hanging over someone's shoulder, swinging the "Braemar" pennant.

There is no perfect community. We have had both our dull and sunny days. It is funny, but our dull days were usually Wednesdays. Could it be that we had games that morning, or was it just because it was the middle of the week? Nevertheless, our many sunny days, the days we had a clear conduct sheet, and the days we did so well in the various competitions, compensated for the dull days.

As this term comes to an end, I think of what a wonderful year it has been, and I would like to thank every one of you for helping to make it so. But remember, as you pass from this year to others, that the best community is one in which everyone does his share.

Love,

Elsie Shandro, Head of Braemar



BRAEMAR HOUSE

BACK ROW—M. Trueman, M. Glesby, M. Shandro, A. Mason, N. Russell, M. Brooks, E. Shandro (Head of House), E. Gaskell, N. Baker, D. McNaughton, L. Folliot, J. Dowler.

THIRD ROW—N. Atchison, S. Riley, J. Campbell, R. Kipp, S. Guest, E. Webster, J. Clough, D. Roulston, E. Clough, I. Huebert, I. Brown, M. Murray, J. Harrison.

SECOND ROW—V. Slayton, J. Brandy, J. Stephenson, D. Moore, B. Reeve, M. Greatrex, D. Bloomer, N. Sym, V. Griffiths, P. Johnston, V. Young, J. Gilchrist, C. Campbell.

FRONT ROW—P. Reeve, P. Smith, D. Dickson, P. Sparrow, L. Murray, C. Clough, C. Roulston, J. Doidge, N. Culver, ABSENT—C. Richardson, A. Greatrex, G. Matthews, M. Verner.



CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

IN THE TREE—D. Riley, C. Emerson, J. Gardner.
FIFTH ROW—B. Nichol, B. Lumax, J. Quinn, R. Genser (Head of House), J. Barling, B. LeBeau, L. Wilson.
FOURTH ROW—M. Bain, V. Dubiskey, K. Alexander, R. Stewart, D. Harrison, L. Trimble, S. Stephens, C. Gourley,
J. Brodie.
THIRD ROW—B. Simmie, P. Kayser, D. Nightingale, F. Tanner, E. Arneson, G. Siemens, N. Smith, C. Swindell,
J. Cain.
SECOND ROW—B. Brodie, G. Alexander, P. Richardson, J. Evans, C. Armytage, C. Pennock, J. Riley, P. McGill,
P. Pennock, B. Blick.
FRONT ROW—C. Vincent, D. Malone, K. Boyer, M. Pennock, M. Everett, C. L. Garry, E. Kidd, D. Blick.
ABSENT—J. Alexander, M. Carscallen, D. Kilgour, C. Graffin.

CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

Dear Members of Craig Gowan:

We are now approaching the close of another year at Balmoral Hall, and as I look back, I realize that we of Craig Gowan have had many pleasant and worthwhile experiences.

One of the highlights of the year was the presentation of a new mascot, a saucy-looking lion, Craig, given to the house by the girls of Grades Eleven and Twelve.

Not every house can be a winner every year, nor each girl a member of a winning team, but this is the challenge we all must face. However, what we must remember is that we must learn to work and play together, regard and respect one another, and support the decisions of our House Head and executive. This is the true meaning of House Spirit!

I wish to commend the Juniors for their excellent showing throughout the year and particularly the Grade Seven and Eight girls for their achievement in games. I hope that this spirit will carry through into their senior years so that Craig Gowan will once again emerge as the outstanding House in the school.

For the past five years I have been fortunate to be one of the members of Craig Gowan, and in this, my final year, you elected me to lead you as your House Head. This has been a truly rich and gratifying experience and I would like to thank each one for giving me this opportunity.

I would like to thank Mrs. Chown, our staff adviser, who has always shown a special interest in our house, and who has always been ready to guide us when difficulties arose.

In saying farewell and wishing you good luck in the future, I pose this question. Were you one of the strong links in the House, or did you leave one of the gaps through which slipped the points we needed?

With love.

ROBERTA GENSER, Head of Craig Gowan

Trim Sail

I watch a sail-boat on the lake, Its white masts billowing free, And liken it to man in life, Sailing an uncertain sea. A sudden squall might gather up And send it scudding 'round, Until the master at the helm Trims sail and calms it down. But over there another craft Whose sails are not controlled. Is swiftly and completely swamped, And in the squall's cruel hold. And so it is with life it seems— No matter strong or frail, We cannot gamble on our craft— It's how we "trim the sail".

Brenda Simmie—Grade X

Dear Glen Gairns:

As we come to the end of another year, I look back at the wonderful and fearful time we have had together. I was very proud when you chose me as your House Head, and rather frightened of the responsibility. As we worked together, however, I gained the confidence I needed. It has been a rich and rewarding pleasure to be your leader, and I shall always remember fondly our shared experiences.

We were not discouraged when we placed last on Sports Day, and were very proud of Betty Fenton, Midget Champion, and Wendy Elsdon, Intermediate Champion. We made Glen Gairn prominent by placing first in volleyball and broomball. Beverly Beavis and Eva Newman contributed greatly to the House by their outstanding achievements in ping pong. From last place in June, our House rose to third place at Christmas, thanks to our combined efforts. I feel that this year, by our enthusiasm in sports, we have learned to appreciate keen competition and goods portsmanship.

The juniors, always bubbling over with House spirit, deserve a pat on the back for their fine work and co-operation. The seniors are proud of you. Evadne Ward, our uniform monitress, and Carol Albertsen, our secretary, deserve our thanks for their help in keeping the House in order. I would like to thank our patient and devoted Sports' Captain, Clare McCulloch, for all the help she has given to me as well as to the House. Somehow she always managed to bring everyone to games on time.

In closing, I should like to remind you that in order to get something out of your House, you must put something into it. I feel you have all done this. I would like to thank you for being so wonderful, and to wish you the best of luck in the coming years.

With love,

Josephine Kerr, Head of Glen Gairn.

The Miser And The Flea

One night an old miser sat up in his bed, And got a bright feeling to stand on his head, For a flea with pink toenails, antlers so long, Was on his feet waltzing, and singing a song.

The flea began square-dancing, prancing around, And made the poor miser go plop to the ground! He got back his senses, and stood on his head, And after a short while got back into bed.

BEVERLY KNIGHT-Grade V

Evening

Little birds singing,
Blue bells ringing,
The sun is setting,
The baby not fretting,
Doves softly cooing,
Cows are mooing,
Trees are rustling,
No one bustling—
It's Evening.

JANE BRIGGS—Grade V

GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

BACK ROW—M. Dangerfield, C. Albertsen, C. McCulloch, B. Beavis, J. Kerr (Head of House), M. L. Sinclair, C. Wheeler, E. Ward, M. Gwyn.

THIRD ROW—D. Mitchell, Maryel Andison, D. Fengstad, C. Howat, M. Martindale, E. Newman, J. Bleeks, S. Harris, P. McDonald, D. Lansky, S. Clarke, B. Elsdon, W. Elsdon, J. McDiarmid, D. Morton, M. Hamilton, SECOND ROW—J. Scarrow, D. Stack, D. Majury, C. Hamilton, S. Majury, L. Bullock, A. Hunt, A. Ripley, D. Silvester, Margaret Andison, V. Elsdon.

FIRST ROW—C. Hunt, J. Kent, K. Lederman, H. Strawbridge, L. G. Arnett, J. McKeag, B. A. Knight, J. Briggs, B. J. Fenton, S. Osler, A. Gardner.

ABSENT-E. Brereton, S. Hutchings, S. MacKenzie.



CLASS NOTES

Menu de la Salle Dix

(ces mets ont été choisis par nos chefs) Crevettes, Martha et Madeleine

avec

Sauce Maryel Potage au Poulet Elizabeth

Vichyssoise Dubiskey Salade: Coeurs de Cheryl et Lorraine avec

Hollandaise Siemens

Vin: Blanc Elsdon

Sole à la Simmie, à votre goût

Vin: Rouge Smith

Boeuf de Gwyn avec jus de Carol, pour deux Petits pois aux Joans

> Endives Huebert Braisées Pommes de Terre à la Mary Trois Crêpes Suzettes

> > ou

Pâtisseries de Louise et Diane Café!à la Jane

avec

Fromage Janice

Champagne Jackson

The Crew of Rocket Seven Destination—Planet EIGHT

Pilot	CATHY PENNOCK
Co-pilot	
Engineer	
Navigator	ALICE
MechanicsCLAUDIA	, SALLY and VIRGINIA
Cartographers	DENISE and WENDY
Astronomer	Linda
Animal experimenter	
First Aid	
CaterersVicki	ELSDON and BARBARA
Radio-operators	JUDITH and VALERIE
Reporter	Deirdre
Designers KATHRYN,	LYNNE, JANE and PAT
Rug-maker	Elspeth
Counter-downer	SUSAN
Parachute officer	CATHY HAMILTON

A Be"nine" Little Story

Two HARRI SONS, ALEXANDER and McMURRAY, on their way to CAMP BELL, passed through DANGER FIELD where a BRERE weighing a quarter of a TON had thrust its FENG STADfastly into his KIL GOUR was all over the place, and the boys had to BERRY the RAT, "TRAY triste."

Out of a BLEEK sky one exclaimed, "Why should it be the GUEST of the devil? Let's sell it for a PENNY!"

They came to a HUT which housed CHING'S restaurant and called, "We have a rat for your BROWN STEW, ART."

"OKAY, SER," replied Art. "I've BAIN thinkin'; ta KIPP my stew good WE Bin STERin' it too much. I need your rat and some HAM from ILTON. I guess I'll GO URLEY to BROD countIE and purchase some from ole man CLARKE."

"Glad to be of service!" the boys shouted. They left about NOON ANd disappeared over the hill.

Great Eights

Trish Pennock is known for her prowess in gym. "Walk home with me," says Nancy Sym. Trish Johnston stars in confirmation class; Patsy, of course, is our basketball lass. Boots dreams all day of Dr. Kildare. Ask for a Kleenex, and Nancy is there. Donna May is a Bomberette: Marilyn has Lambehop for a pet. Gail rides a horse that is called "Black Bandit", And a prize for an actress, to *Kathy* we'd hand it. Diana likes drawing Ben Casey signs, While Vivian for a B.Sc. has designs. Night finds Ditte watching TV, And the piano is practised by Judy. Bunny and Darryl together are seen, And Deanna towards George Maharis does lean. Lynn eats carrots all day long: Alixe will oblige you with a song. Jane and movies go together; Rosemary in Latin is quite clever Margie has Judy for a friend, And Eva writes letters without an end. Susan is our Cha-Cha queen, And Elaine our president has been. Frances, with Greggie, does often go walking; Dorothy is quiet, not noted for talking. With Teddie Nance, who comes from the west, We end this list of Balmoral's best.

Last Will and Testament of **Dalton House Seniors**

I, Joan Barker, hand on to Jane Moody my high-pitched giggle in case her bass voice breaks.
I, Elizabeth Arneson, leave my tan to Madeleine.
I, Mary Carscallen, leave to my old room-mate, Carol Schmied, all my food.
I, Evadne Ward, will leave my Gold Cord to Carol Schmied.
I, Joan Sellers, leave my Passionate Pink lipstick to Elizabeth Arneson.

Arneson.

I, Maryel Andison, leave my tolerance as a room-mate to Madeleine Murray.

I, Madeleine Murray, bequeath my pool cue to J. Armytage.

I, Barbara Williamson, leave my camera to Jean Hamilton on condition that she get a picture of her Denny Hextall.

I, Elizabeth Clough, bestow my sun-bleached streak on Cecilia, in case she ever runs out.

I, Janice Cain, leave my toothbrush to Joan Sellers, that it may serve her five times a day as it has me.

I, Marny Gwyn, bestow my C.P.R. passes upon the Elsdons.

I, Jean Hamilton, hereby bequeath my hockey schedule to my beloved room-mate, Barbie.

I, Carol Schmied, will leave my hair curling devices to Mary Carscallen in case she has the urge to use them.

I, Weady Elsdon, bequeath my English Lavender to Linda Leach, in care of any more asthma attacks during French examinations.

I, Lyn Wilson, bequeath what is left of my mauve slippers to Wendy Elsdon.

I, Dora Dempster, leave my hair dryer to the residence.

Elsdon.

I. Dora Dempster, leave my hair dryer to the residence.

I. Mille Shandro, leave my clothes to Marged and Dora.

I. Linda Pitt, leave my driver's license to Linda Leach, until it expires, or she gets her own!

I. Vera Dubiskey, bequeath my face mud pack to Jane McDiarmid.

I. Jane McDiarmid, wish to give Jean Hamilton the Winnipeg Rangers in case her Brandon Wheat King idol depresses her.

I. Diane Morton, bequeath— Hey! What does bequeath mean?

I. Linda Leach, give all my "292's" to Mrs. Elliott.

I. Marged Thomas, generously bestow my hiccups upon anyone who earnestly desires a detention.

I. Cecilia Doyle-Smith, desire to be buried with all my belongings beside me, as were the Egyptians—thereby bequeathing nothing!

At present, Jane Moody, is basking in Venice, Italy. We wish

At present, Jane Moody, is basking in Venice, Italy. We wish her good fortune upon ourselves!

The Grade Twelve boarders of Aikins House bequeath to The Grade Twelve boarders of Aikins House bequeath to Grade Eleven the privileges they have enjoyed this year, as follows: Carol Albertsen bequeaths Sunday Tea once a month, and our Detention Book, with its accompanying question, "Will you enter your name, or shall I?"

Beverley Beavis bequeaths our telephone extension, and our extra half hours on Friday and Saturday nights.

Bonnie Lumax bequeaths the pantry privileges, the Study, and the sitting-room

sitting-room.

Betty Nichol bequeaths the signing-out book.
Elsie Shandro bequeaths the privilege of entertaining guests on
Friday nights and Sunday afternoons.

Never A Dull Moment

The junior boarders' floor in Dalton House is like a three-ringed circus, with Miss Bewell, the Ringmaster, and Janet, the commentator.

Alice and Elspeth are monkeys who may appear anywhere at any time. Vicki is the popcorn and candy girl. Sally and Ditte, the daredevils, try many tricks. Deirdre, Larcy, Leigh and Valerie are clowns, although they do not paint their faces. Donna and Anna Marie are the youngest, and thus, the midgets.

Eva, our acrobat, diets so that she will not break the tightrope while Teddie is the natural thin man. Boots is the stunt man who opens her mouth and puts her foot in it. Vivian and Suzi come from the far North, bringing polar bears and other unusual creatures. Diana is the strong man, and Diane the jazz expert.

Darryl and Jane have left the circus, but Margie and Sheryl have come to try their skill.

Marlene and Nancy leave the circus for a rest at weekends, but return on Sundays when it's "on with the show."

The Carol Service

The school gymnasium, transformed by Christmas tree lights into a softly lit chapel, was filled with expectant parents and friends of the School. The rustle of programmes and the subdued murmurs died abruptly as the School Choir led the School in the carol, "Once in Royal David's City."

After the Opening Prayer, the School Choir sang two musical arrangements for Christmas, "Jesu, Bambino", by Pietro A. Yon, and a "Huron Carol" arranged by Healey Whillan. Grades IV, V and VI then sang a Czech carol, "The Carol of the Birds," and the School Choir followed with "Ding Dong Merrily on High" and the soft and simple Negro spiritual, "Jesus, Jesus, Rest Your Head."

The unique feature of this year's Service was the performance by some members of Grade VIII of "Why the Chimes Rang," by E. A. McFadden. After this, there was a special reading and recitation from the Christmas story from the Gospels, and Grades I, II, and III sang a traditional Polish carol.

The final carol, "O, Come, All Ye Faithful," was followed by the Closing Prayers and the Benediction, and the School then led out to the joyous strains of the "First Nowell."

Marged Thomas



"Take my hands and let them move at the impulse of thy love.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING—E. Shandro, W. Elsdon, E. Gaskell, B. Nichol. KNEELING—M. Thomas, M. Shandro, D. Dempster, S. Riley.



SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BACK ROW—W. Elsdon, J. Berry, E. Gaskell, E. Ward, M. Brooks, B. Nichol. FRONT ROW—D. Dempster, S. Riley, M. Andison, R. Genser, E. Shandro, D. Morton.



DORA DEMPSTER, SPORTS CAPTAIN

My Year as Sports Captain

Five years ago, I arrived at Balmoral Hall, never dreaming of the honour which I was to receive in later years. Frankly, at that time, I just wanted to go home. Through the years to follow, I learned to play basketball and volleyball with other members of my class. Because I had never been outstanding in game, s you can imagine my surprise at being elected Sports Captain at the end of my fourth year.

I must admit I was very dubious about my ability to carry out such an office, but I had to try. Mrs. Anderson was not at school for the first week, but she left me plenty of instructions for the preparations for Sports Day. This was to be my first job, and it was not easy. Not being a very well organized person, I was always trying to get things done at the last minute.

I was happy when on Sports Day, I awoke to find it was a sunny day. This was a good start! I smoothed out any troubles as best I could, and everything seemed to go well. Because I was Sports Captain, I wanted to win something, and was very pleased when I scored a victory in the high jump. The House supporters cheered vigorously for their members, and the day ended with an enthusiastic burst of speed in the House Relays.

With Sports Day over, I turned my thoughts to volleyball. Practices began and a school team was assembled. Although they were often not able to concentrate on practices, the team managed to win most of their outside games. For the first time, a Junior High School team was chosen, and although it lost both its games, they tried hard. The House games ended with a tie, and a last effort was put into a game to break it. Here my first term of work ended and I went home for a holiday.

Basketball was my next challenge. Finding it a much more interesting game, I enjoyed helping to teach the younger girls, at the same time learning a few things myself. Refereeing was a new experience which I also enjoyed, especially blowing the whistle. At the last minute, a school team was chosen to play the Alumnae, and although we did not win, we had fun. The Junior House play-offs were quite exciting and often amusing because the players lacked experience, but everyone played with great enthusiasm.

...SPORTS...

Senior House games are still to be played and then we will start baseball and swimming.

Although there have been trials and tribulations, I have enjoyed my experiences in my year of being Sports Captain. In later years, I am sure I shall look back on this as a wonderful, though hectic, year.

> DOROTHEA DEMPSTER, Sports Captain.

Gymnastics

Three teams were entered in the Manitoba Secondary School Gymnastic Competition.

Junior Team	Intermediate Team
Margaret Andison	M. Dangerfield
S. Bracken	S. Hutchings
J. Clough	P. Kayser
P. Johnston	R. Kipp
P. Pennock	P. McDonald
D. Silvester	

Senior Team

Maryel Andison

S. Harris

D. Harrison

M. Murray

S. Riley

C. Smith

Congratulations to the Junior and Senior Teams who brought back the 1962 awards for their divisions.

Tournaments

Volleyball

Senior Winner—Glen Gairn Junior Winner—Craig Gowan

Basketball

Junior Winner-Ballater

Broomball

Senior Winner—Glen Gairn Junior Winner—Braemar

Ping Pong

Senior Champion—Beverley Beavis Junior Champion—Eva Newman



Alumnae Night

One afternoon, between classes, I was quite disconcerted when someone handed me a telegram. All kinds of extravagant thoughts rushed through my head as I fumbled to open the envelope. I was first relieved and then pleased to find that it was a challenge from the Alumnae to games of volleyball and basketball on Friday, February 23.

The Alumnae also invited the graduates to a dinner before the game. This gave us an opportunity to show off the new building to envious graduates. We enjoyed a delicious dinner at which Miss Patricia Busby, President of the Alumnae, was hostess. Following dinner Mrs. M. Ainlie, a former Sports Captain, recalled for us some of her happy memories at school.

The first thing I noticed on entering the gymnasium was that I had forgotten to put up the net: However, that was soon rectified, and we began our game. At first we thought the Alumnae were going to beat us, but eventually we found our feet, and won by twenty-five to fifteen. We then had a short pause before the basketball game, which was much more exciting and tiring. The game ended with a twenty to nineteen victory for the Alumnae. Thus, with honours even, we settled down to enjoy refreshments.

DOROTHEA DEMPSTER

Sports Day Results

Individual Champions Senior—Jane Moody Intermediate—Wendy Elsdon

Junior—Carol Emerson

Midget—Betty Fenton

House

1. Ballater 2. Braemar

3. Craig Gowan

4. Glen Gairn

Game Tonight

Old Girls vs. New Girls

The kick-off in the football game between the new girls and the old girls was at seven-thirty on Friday, October 27. "Balhallor Stadium" was packed with enthusiastic fans. The new girls' team wore striking uniforms of unmatched pyjamas, while the "All Star" players from the old girls' side were arrayed in dashing uniforms of green and gold, complete with shoulder pads and helmets.

After various warm-up exercises for both teams, the game began. The teams were evenly matched, and it was often difficult to determine who was winning. Various groups of "cheer leaders" from the new girls ranks supported their team with original cheers. At half-time and at three-quarter time, the spectators were amused by the "Janitor's" antics, and by various intellectual and practical games, such as the push-up practice and the building of mascot houses.

A totally different form of entertainment came after supper with the Prefects' presentation of a dramatic version of "The Eternal Triangle" in operetta style.

The climax of the evening was the presentation of the "Cup" to the new girls coach, Beverley Beavis. This lavishly decorated trophy was filled with song sheets which were used to the full in the sing-song which followed.

This year's Initiation Day will stand out in the memories of all present as one which was cleverly organized around an original theme.

Marged Thomas

THE HOUSES TAKE THEIR PLACES ON SPORTS DAY





HEAD GIRL - BETTY NICHOL SCHOOL CAPTAIN - MILLIE SHANDRO

VALEDICTORY

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing
Fill our hearts with joy and peace
Let us each, Thy love possessing
Triumph in redeeming grace
O refresh us, O refresh us
Travelling through life's wilderness.

Dear Girls:

The time for singing this well-loved hymn is fast approaching and we must say goodbye. We would like to say goodbye by recalling some of the happy times we will miss.

Thinking of all that has occurred this year some outstanding events come to mind. First of all Initiation with the gymnasium as Balhallor Stadium. Remember the Game with new students vs. old students, and the dignified prefects in S.J.R. football uniforms? We will long remember the fun and laughs we had while planning, rehearsing, and presenting this programme for you. Could we ever forget the school song now after the many times we sang it in recreation lines?

Secondly, our thoughts turn to our new building, Dalton House. As we talk in the new drawing-room in front of the fire we think how

wonderful it is to stretch out in such space after being so cramped last year in Aikins House. Now we have such lovely bedrooms with matching curtains and bedspreads and even closets of our very own! And now we enjoy our meals in the new and spacious, sunny dining room high above ground.

Initiation and our new residence are big events. But there are numerous small things, dear to our hearts, and these we may miss perhaps most of all. Among these are sun-tanning on the grassy bank, gazing at the river, climbing the Craig Gowan tree, playing leap-frog on the lawn and noon-day walks around the loop. In the residence we will remember—the water-fights, television at midnight, and Saturday mornings in the laundry.

Until we meet again, for we shall meet, whether it be next year or ten years from now, we hope that you will take pleasure in your special events as much as we have in ours.

With love,

BETTY and MILLIE

We are grateful to the following advertisers who are supporting our magazine with a single line in place of their usual space advertisement. This helps us to lower the cost of publication.

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Graduates

Grade XII

BEVERLEY BEAVIS-GLEN GAIRN, 1961-62

Our orderly Class President excels in arguments. She has a mania for "perms", which she regrets immediately afterwards, and is the only bathtub singer in Grade XII Residence.

Activities: School Choir, Magazine Executive, Literary Club President.

JULIA BERRY-BALLATER, 1956-62

By passing her Driver's Test, Julia has turned into an accident looking for a place to happen! Fortunately, she's off to Queen's to continue the search.

Activities: Prefect, School Choir, Chief Librarian, Volleyball.

BONNIE LUMAX—CRAIG GOWAN, 1961-62

Grade XII is rounded out by our redhead from Swan River. She always has something to say on her favourite topic, marriage, in English classes, and enjoys showing her old snapshots.

Activities: Librarian, Literary Club, Second term Class President.

DIANE McNAUGHTON—Braemar, 1950-62

"Di", our beloved Step 'n Fetchit, slow-moving, methodical, meticulous, and with a heart of gold. Our cheerful target of much teasing is our candidate for "Winnipeg's most cautious driver."

Activities: Prefect, Organist, School Choir, Literary Club, Magazine and Library Executives

BETTY NICHOL—CRAIG GOWAN, 1956-62

In class, the riverbank draws Bea's dark eyes more than the blackboard. She is usually seen holding the handbell—just for safe keeping! Since February, Betty has been noted for her original "dates".

Activities: Head Girl, Editor of "Optima Anni", School Choir, Literary Club, Volleybal, Basketball.

ELSIE SHANDRO-BRAEMAR, 1959-62

Riding escalators and walking are Elsie's favourite pastimes, and her love of nature will probably cause her to be a Shepherdess. We wish we knew her secret of looking innocent.

Activities: House Head, Prefect, Organist, Librarian, Volleyball, Basketball.

MARGARET VERNER—BRAEMAR, 1962

Marg, a newcomer from England in February, is known for her persuasive powers in getting people to walk home. She seems destined to be a board cleaner at U. of M. next year.

Activity: School Choir.

Grade XI

CAROL ALBERTSEN-GLEN GAIRN, 1955-62

"Reliable" is Carol's second name. If there is a job to be done, she will do it, and do it well. Her favourite spot is the pantry and she has an aversion to basketball.

Activities: Prefect, School Choir, Librarian.

JENNIFER ALEXANDER—CRAIG GOWAN, 1956-62

Because Jen is the best listener in Grade XI, she is well-informed and understanding when she does talk. Next year she will be back here, frustrated by French, but buoyed up by biology.

Activities: School Choir, Librarian, House Uniform Monitress.

NORA BAKER-Braemar, 1951-62

Nora is a firm believer in talking to herself. Her duets with Linda and her strong mezzo voice will be greatly missed next year when she is in England.

Activities: School Choir, Librarian, Literary Editor of "Optima Anni", House Sports' Captain.

JILL BARLING-CRAIG GOWAN, 1958-62

"Nice things come in small packages," like Jill! Grade XI's golfer is seldom late, and never gains weight, despite those chocolate malts! Good luck, J.B.

Activities: School Choir, Alumnae Editor, Craig Gowan.

MAUREEN BROOKS-Braemar, 1960-62

Last term Moe enjoyed the food so much that she stayed for dinner with the boarders every night. She is noted for her well-groomed hair and pretty smile.

Activities: School Choir, Library Executive, House Sports' Captain.

DOROTHEA DEMPSTER—BALLATER, 1957-62

Dora's droopy eyelid tattled on her the morning after she had walked seven and a half miles. Her blonde hair, letters from Scotland, and many male friends have given "Dumpy" a double giggle.

Activities: Sports' Captain, Prefect, School Choir, Magazine Executive, Volleyball, Basketball.

LYNN FOLLIOTT-Braemar, 1951-1962

Lynn has an interest "overseas" acquired during her summer vacation. Being Grade XI's most promising swimmer, she hopes to achieve her Senior Red Cross by the age of thirty.

Activities: School Choir, Library Executive.





ELEANOR GASKELL-Braemar, 1958-62

This tall native of Winnipeg is Grade XI's physics fiend. "E" also likes mathematics. That gleam in her eye comes from the Jewell in her heart.

Activities: School Choir, Library Executive, Basketball, Volleyball.

ROBERTA GENSER-CRAIG GOWAN, 1957-62

'Berta, always smiling and vivacious, has another great asset—Ronny. In volleyball her best play is throwing her shoulder out of joint. Roberta always has something new in a hair style.

Activities: Prefect, House Head, School Choir, Magazine Executive, Volleyball, refreshments committee for "Cupid Capers".

MARILYN GLESBY—Braemar, 1957-58, 1961-62

Marilyn's favourite place is the Common Room. Here she talks about Gerry, and "twists" with Joey. Her biggest problem is trying to keep on her diet. Keep that pin straight, Maz.

Activities: School Choir, Magazine Executive.

JEAN HAMILTON-BALLATER, 1960-62

Jean manages to keep her room cluttered up with hockey schedules as she keeps up to date with the plays and the players of the Brandon Wheat Kings.

Activities: School Choir.

JOSEPHINE KERR-GLEN GAIRN, 1959-62

Joey's favourite pastime seems to be arguing with Marilyn. After four on games days she is likely to be in the Residence routing out the boarders. Her future plans include Mount Allison.

Activities: House Head, School Choir, Librarian.

LINDA LEACH—BALLATER, 1949-62

At Initiation Linda was our beautiful heroine whom any hero would have loved to rescue. Some day she will look back and laugh at the year she failed in Kindergarten.

Activities: House Head, Head Organist, School Choir, Assistant Editor of "Optima Anni".

BRENDA LEBEAU—CRAIG GOWAN, 1951-62

Brenda, who has progressed from blue jeans to floor-length formal, is noted for that nine o'clock phone call. Our biology scholar plans to take her bubbling personality to U. of M. next year.

Activities: School Choir, Business Manager of "Optima Anni", House Sports Captain.

ANN MASON-BRAEMAR, 1959-62

Ann is usually seen with a really "sharpe" smile and is always ready for a laugh.

Activities: School Choir, Photography Editor of "OptimaAnni", House Secretary.

CLARE McCULLOCH—Glen Gairn, 1950-51, 1957-62

Clare, Grade XI's brown-eyed blonde, creates pink trees, skis, and wins sailing cups. Next year Clare will be carrying her briefcase to Neuchâtel for Grade XII.

Activities: Prefect, School Choir, House Games Captain, Library Executive, Head Decorator for "Cupid Capers".

LINDA PITT—BALLATER, 1957-62

"Laugh and the world laughs with you!" A veteran of five years, Fitz is active in skiing and swimming. She can be found waiting for "male" every day from International Falls.

Activities: Head of Residence, School Choir, House Sports' Captain, Librarian.

JUDITH QUINN—CRAIG GOWAN, 1959-62

Jude, our bright-faced Balmoralite, has a strange craving for "berries" and has an aversion to games.

Activities: School Choir, Exchange Editor for "Optima Anni".

NANCY RUSSELL—Braemar, 1953-62

Rocky is Nancy's idea for "a dog is man's best friend". In school, since Nancy excels in maths., she provides a crutch for Mrs. Byrne.

Activities: School Choir, Library Committee, House Uniform Monitress, Organizer of "Cupid Capers".

MILDRED SHANDRO—BRAEMAR, 1959-62

When Millie is not receiving phone calls, she is usually getting mail. A fluent French speaker, Millie is the envy of all Grade XI for her linguistic abilities, n'est-ce paw?

Activities: School Captain, Prefect, School Choir, Librarian, Volleyball, Basketball.

MARY LOUISE SINCLAIR—GLEN GAIRN, 1958-62

Every day means a journey for Lou, all the way from Lockport. She is one of the select group which is a minority of the class—the Quiet ones.

Activities: Library Committee.





CECILIA SMITH—BALLATER, 1957-1962

"Chip", our gym competition winner, often honours the boarders with a singing recital—from the bathroom. Her most noted possession is the bottle she drinks her pepsi from!

Activities: Head of School Choir, Library Committee, Special Gym, Magazine Executive.

JOANNE SUTHERLAND—BALLATER, 1950-62

This natural redhead is noted for her interest in politics. Her persuasive nature will doubtless help her win cases in her career in law.

Activities: Prefect, Advertising Manager of "Optima Anni", House Secretary, Eaton's Junior Counsellor.

MARGED THOMAS—BALLATER, 1956-58, 1961-62

Miggs, who is well lauded by her admirers, has a habit of drinking eight glasses of water a day. She is returning next year mainly "In Defence of School Uniforms." Who wears socks to bed, Miggs?

Activities: Class President, School Choir, Magazine Executive, Basketball.

EVADNE WARD-GLEN GAIRN, 1960-62

Besides her Grade XI, Evadne has worked for and won the highest award in Girl Guiding—the Gold Cord. But, without "Johnny Angel" life would be nothing.

Activities: Organist, School Choir, Library Executive, Volleyball.

CHERYL WHEELER—GLEN GAIRN, 1961-62

Her first year at Balmoral provided many interesting activities for Cheryl, including games and initiation. However, she has survived and is now a great asset to Grade XI.

Activities: School Choir.

BARBARA WILLIAMSON—BALLATER, 1961-62

Mail call can't come too soon for Barbie. This lively boarder from Swan River is always counting her letters. Everyone, beware of Barb—she has a camera!

Activities: Photography.

LYN WILSON—CRAIG GOWAN, 1961-62

"Going steady" is a habit of Lyn's, but we are not sure whether she prefers boys or her gray school shirt. At 6.30, after supper, she can be found by the telephone.

Ambition: To be an X-ray technician, but probably will be an airline stewardess.

BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1961

Sept. 6-Boarders arrive.

Sept. 7—Opening Prayers.

Head Girl and New Prefects receive cords.

School Meeting.

Sept. 8—House Heads elected.

Sept. 12—Class Presidents elected.

Sept. 15—Summer Reading Tests.

Sept. 19-Library Executive announced.

Sept. 21—Linda Pitt appointed Head of Residence.

Sept. 22-Official opening of Dalton House.

Sept. 26-Magazine Executive announced.

Oct. 4—Junior Sports Day.

Oct. 5—Senior Sports Day. Oct. 6-9—Thanksgiving weekend.

Oct. 20—Thanksgiving Service.

New Prefects receive cords.

Oct. 24-Volleyball vs. Gordon Bell.

Oct. 25—Mothers' Auxiliary Annual Meeting.
Alumnae Association Annual Meeting.

Oct. 27-Initiation Party.

Oct. 31-Junior School Hallowe'en Party.

Nov. 2—Grades VII-IX attend Symphony concert.

Nov. 7-Volleyball vs. St. Mary's Academy.

Nov. 10—Remembrance Day Service.

Grades XI and XII hold informal dance.

Nov. 14-Volleyball vs. Sacred Heart Convent.

Nov. 20—Opening of Library Quiz.

Nov. 21—Volleyball vs. St. Mary's Academy.

Nov. 23-Volleyball vs. Sacred Heart Convent.

Nov. 24—Junior School leaders receive pins.

Dec. 1-Junior volleyball vs. St. Marv's

Dec. 5—Collection of canned food for Missions.

Dec. 6—Collection of toys for Missions.

Dec. 7—Collection of clothes for Missions.

Dec. 11—Christmas Examinations begin.

Dec. 18—Boarders' Christmas Party.

Dec. 19—Presentation to Alec.

Carol Service.

School closes for Christmas vacation.

EASTER TERM, 1962

Jan. 8-Boarders return.

Jan. 9-School re-opens.

Opening of Literary Competition.

Jan. 13—Boarders' tobogganing party.

Jan. 19—Grade XII attends "Arms and the Man".

Jan. 30-New Class Presidents elected.

Feb. 2—Boarders attend "Julius Caesar".

Feb. 2-Grade XII attend "Saint Joan".

Feb. 6—Meeting of Mothers' Auxiliary.

Feb. 16—"Cupid Capers", Valentine Dance.

Feb. 16-19—Boarders' weekend.

Feb. 23—Alumnae Dinner for Graduating Class.
Alumnae Games Night.

Feb. 29—Boarders attend recital by Glenn Gould.

Mar. 3—Grade IV-VI attend "Grands Ballets Canadiens".

Mar. 7—Canon J. C. Clough conducts Ash Wednesday Service.

Mar. 9—French and music programme to mark end of Education Week.

Mar. 19—Easter examinations begin.

Mar. 28—School closes for Easter vacation.

SUMMER TERM, 1962

Apr. 9—Boarders return.

Apr. 10—School re-opens.

Apr. 14—Alumnae Association Spring Tea.

Apr. 19-23—Easter weekend.

May 4-Grades VIII-IX May Day Dance.

May 12-Frendh Oral Tests.

May 18-21—Victoria Day weekend.

May 25—Graduation Dance.

May 30-Fashion Show.

Presentation of Family Allowance Cheques.

June 10—Closing Evensong.

June 13—Closing Exercises at Westminster Church followed by Garden Party

Sept. 5—Boarders arrive by 6 p.m.

Sept. 6—School opens at 9 a.m.

Why Grade XII?

One answer to this question might be that to have Grade XII is better than to have Grade XI. Universities are more and more looking for maturity and requiring Grade XII as the minimum entrance qualification. Students who can complete Grade XII can be successful at the University, but this is not so true of students who enter University of Manitoba with Grade XI. Without pressure or frustration, more students are choosing to stay at school for Senior Matriculation. Even if University is not the next stop, Grade XII is a more secure platform than is Grade XI, and it is required for entrance to Teachers' College and Schools of Nursing.

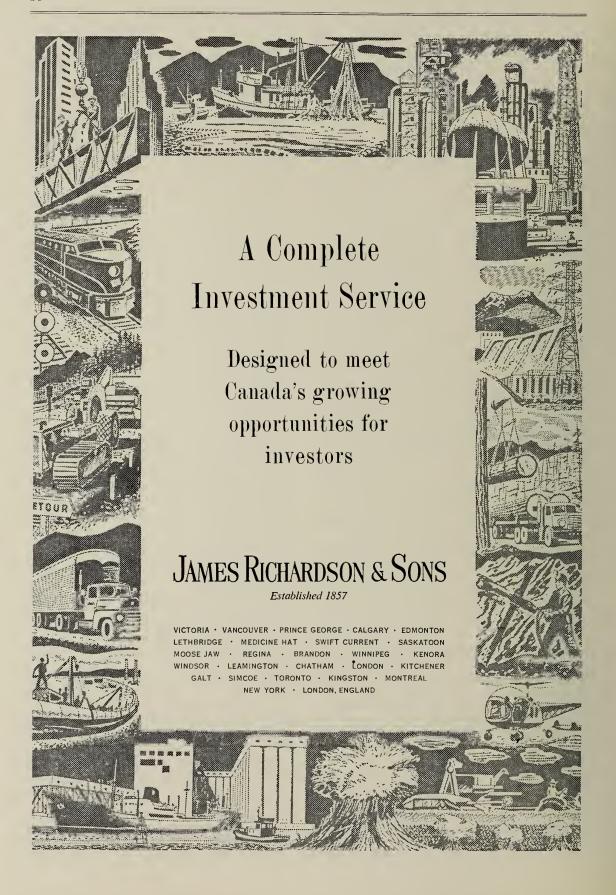
It is interesting to note that over fifty per cent of our Grade XI students are planning to take Grade XII in September this year. A wise decision!

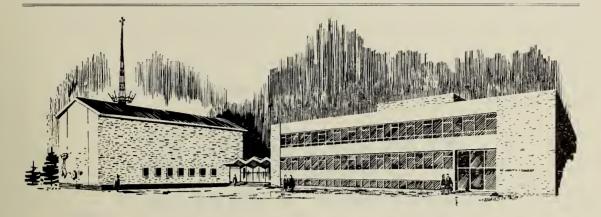
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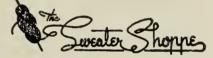
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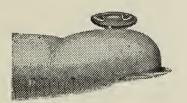
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